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THE STANDARD.

THE GREAT RETRIBUTION.

A SERMON

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

SUNDAY, FEB. 26, 1865.

"Thou hast made of a city an heap; of a defenced city a ruin; a palace of strangers to be no city."—*Isaiah*, xxv: 2.

WHEN we wish to give expression to the terrible truths of the moral law, we go to the Old Testament and read what the Hebrew prophets said so long ago. The iron string of doom never fails to tremble and ring under their touch. These affirmations of the Everlasting Justice are the deathless part of the old book. Other parts of it have become obsolete with time. Large portions of it are unintelligible to us. Larger portions of it we cannot read, because our moral sense has grown beyond them and is shocked by them. But these heavy strokes on the bell of destiny resound through the moral world, their tremendous clash and clang startling the echoes in every breast. In ordinary times of peace we do not heed them. But when we would enunciate the verdict of the Universal Conscience on some monstrous turpitude, or some hideous guilt, no words are so well suited to our purposes as these. They give the reformer his most effective vocabulary. My lesson this morning is a lesson of judgment. Isaiah gives the key-note of it.

Since last we met here our attention has been fixed on one of those marked events which do not occur once in a hundred years of history; events which are like the footfalls of God, making the moral universe tremble beneath our feet, and causing men to stop and wait with bated breath for a message from the skies.

Five years ago, at the confluence of two rivers, overlooking one of the loveliest bays in the world, stood a small but beautiful city of 65,000 inhabitants. Everything seemed to combine to give it that unutterable charm which belongs to none of our more magnificent Northern towns, and is associated with foreign countries and ages of romance. The climate was heavenly. There was no Winter; and in Summer the delicious breezes from the sea temper the glowing atmosphere to a gracious salubrity. The olive, the orange and the lemon ripened in the open air. Delicate fruits, the peach, the nectarine, the grape, enriched the green spaces of the city and imparted to it an air of almost tropical luxuriance. The houses stood in the midst of gardens, and were embosomed in gorgeous shrubbery and fragrant flowers. The rose and jessamine twined about the piazzas and verandahs, making the atmosphere almost too rich with their perfume. The city was the abode of wealth, elegance and luxury; it was famous for the loveliness of its women, for the courtly urbanity and high-toned manners of its men. There was refinement there and culture. The inhabitants were patrons of art and music. Handsome libraries offered store of valuable books. Strangers who went to Charleston felt as if they had escaped for a season from the rougher world and come upon an oasis in the desert of average existence. The beautiful ocean view, the enchantment of the climate, the delicious languor, the warmth of the people, the hospitality, the refinement, made an impression that was not soon effaced.

That city is now a desolation. The houses are abandoned, the gardens neglected, the vines torn down and trampled under foot. The beautiful spires and towers are shattered by shot and shell. Huge piles of smouldering rubbish choke the ways. Great plumes of smoke from burning dwellings darken the sky. Large portions of the city are utterly deserted by their inhabitants, and given over to the element of destruction. When the Union army entered it, a week ago, terrible fires were raging, inextinguishable, threatening general conflagration; ever and anon frightful explosions of arsenals, magazines, store-houses, shook the ground. All who could flee the place had gone; the rest were running in distraction from their burning dwellings, or sitting disconsolate in sheltered corners of the town. Masses of rubbish were seen where once proud forts had stood. It was a city of the dead; more than that, it seemed a city under a curse.

The inhabitants themselves—not the mob, but the wealthy—not the governed, but the governing class—had done this terrible work. The guns of the Union army had been playing on the city for months, and no doubt had wrought fearful damage there; but this final and utter ruin was not inflicted by the "Swamp Angel" or his companions. The soldiers of the Union came in to rescue what they could from destruction, to extinguish the fires, to save the property, to reassure and befriend the people. The city had lighted its own funeral pyre. The men of position and authority had put the torch to it, and, horrible to relate, had left the poor, the ignorant, the imbecile, the defenceless, to perish in the flames, while they made their escape. This is the hideous and significant feature of the tragedy—this inhumanity towards the defenceless victims of their own passion.

Let us reflect for a moment on the import of this fall of Charleston. It is a sign in the eyes of all men. The fall of no other city, however momentous in a military point of view, could so impress the imagination as this one. Vicksburg, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Augusta, leave no mark by the side of this. Even Columbia seems insignificant, and Richmond will be occupied with less emotion. For here the civil war was commenced; here the first shot was fired; here insurrection had its birth; here the seeds of discord were industriously sown and heedfully cultivated for years back; here the philosophy of Treason had its schools and masters; here the ethics of inhumanity were reduced to a science by powerful minds and enunciated by persuasive lips; here the aristocratic principle had its seat and kept its court; here the civil war had its cradle, and the father of the civil war, abhorrence of Northern ideas, and the grandfather of the civil war, the system of slavery. The action of the Southern heart was here, and had been here always. While the city stood that heart beat with desperation if not with calmness. The city was a symbol. The fall of it is symbolical. It comes upon us like a judgment. Though long anticipated, it gives a shock to our imagination. It suggests the high priest, in Kaulbach's painting of the Destruction of Jerusalem, stabbing himself before the altar as the Roman legions march in. The traitor dies by his own hand; the murderer commits suicide. The town is a monument of doom; its fall is a judgment. The world will see it so. History will point to it as a signal illustration of the terrible swiftness and thoroughness of the retributive Laws. It is a judgment, for it is a verdict of the law of Justice, which is the simplest definition of a judgment. Justice is not special and arbitrary, nor is judgment special and arbitrary. Justice is universal, absolute, eternal, fixed at the beginning, working continuously through all time, unintermitting, untiring. Every event proclaims it, every incident reveals it, every action bears witness to it. Judgments are as rapid as movements, as thick and crowded as human volitions and mortal experiences. We should be startled by these every moment if they were not welded so together by their swift succession that we cannot detect the breaks between them. They make up the sum of our familiar experiences, and consequently they never surprise. They floor the surface of our existence, and consequently they do not amaze. But now and then, as here, the central fires, whose steady and genial glow vivifies the planet and makes its fields fertile, break out through the crust at some point of Vesuvius or Etna, fill the sky with fire and cover the earth with ashes. Then we bow the head and whisper, "God!"

So they, who saw no judgment in the peculiar character of Charleston when it stood in the glory of its aristocratic pride, see a judgment now in its fall and desolation. Yet it was as truly judged in its hour of brilliancy as it is in its hour of desolation. Judgment has its fair side as well as its terrible. If we would confess it in its beauty, we would not be obliged to confess it in its terror.

I hold up this ruined city as a monument of doom; not peculiar or exceptional, or in any way singular, but simply startling, I may say appalling. It has been doomed for its iniquity, and executed for its guilt.

But why doomed? Why executed? Why destroyed? Let us make haste to trace, as with finger of iron, the exact connection between its punishment and its offence. Let us not be vague, passionate, or irrational. We are feeling after the threads of law which link cause with effect. Exaggeration is unseemly, passion is out of place. Let us put all our sensibility into our fingers' ends, that we may be sure of not missing the fatal thread by which these puppets have been moved. If we miss that, the lesson is lost. No rhetoric now, no declamation, no flightiness; let us be still and listen.

What was the guilt for which the lordly city of the sea is lying in ruin to-day? Shall we say, hastily and boisterously, with the multitude, it was the guilt of secession from the National Union? Can we say that? Look at the doom as I have tried to describe it, in all its features of desolation, horror, cruelty, inhumanity. Consider all the elements, the demoralization of a people as well as the destruction of a city, before you answer. Government may decree that secession is a crime; the rulers of a nation may declare that it is a high crime and national offence; but God never declared that it was, or that it could be a guilt. Government might punish it, and punish it terribly, by its armies and fleets. But government could never punish it in *this* way. Government might have battered down its forts, burned its houses, destroyed its property, covered its streets with dead bodies; but government never could have thus demoralized and ravaged and spoiled its people; government never could have cursed them with the cruelty and inhumanity they have shown in firing the city and leaving the poor to perish. No judgment on mere *crime* goes *that* length. Only the doom that guilt draws down brings such deep visitation as that. There is doom visited on GUILT.

But the dividing of an empire is not guilt. It is no sin for a people to withdraw from a government or a system of laws which they do not like and cannot contentedly live under, and to establish another government, or set up another system for themselves. It may not be wisdom, but it is not wickedness. It may be folly, but it surely is not sin. People have done this repeatedly, though perhaps with more justification, and history records no doom as having been brought on them for it. It has not eradicated them. It has not impoverished them. Did the eternal law bring a curse on us for casting off the allegiance of England and severing with the sword the bond of duty to a king who was supposed to rule by divine right? Are we the poorer for it, are we less numerous, safe or virtuous for it? Do our institutions decay? Are our laws violated? Does enterprise slacken? Do the arts, sciences, literature cease to flourish? Would a blight fall on Canada were she to cast off her allegiance to the mother country? Would Ireland lie under a curse if she dissolved the Union? No doubt, war vessels would anchor in her harbors, and fleets would bombard her towns. There would be ruin, distress, devastation in punishment for a traditionary *crime*, but the seeds of greatness would ripen all the more fiercely, perhaps, after the storm was over, as they did with us.

Time was when it was a heinous offence even to *speak* against an established government; when to attempt to move away from one was dire iniquity, and to divide one actually was blasphemy and impiety against God. That time should, for us at least, have passed long ago. We should not be kneeling at the shrine of nationality; we should not be worshipping the idol of a grand government. We ought to perceive clearly enough that it not only was no guilt, but that it was no crime for a people to be dissatisfied with institutions that were uncongenial to them, with ideas they could not receive, with a type of civilization which wisely or foolishly they disapproved of, with social usages which they regarded with dislike or with contempt. We ought to perceive clearly enough that whatever a constitutional doctrine may be, a great population numbering millions of people break no commandment even when they take measures to dissolve a connection with a nation whose ruling spirit is in opposition to what they believe to be their interests and convictions. It is not wise to look on them as doomed of God because they do it. It is not wise to put them under the reproach of men because they do it. If they did nothing more than this, if they did this temperately, wisely, judicially, lawfully, peacefully, as is the way of civilized men, we should say: Let them do it, and let us help them do it; we will not point a shotted gun at them for that. We are sure that for that God will spring on them no convulsion, will commission no famine or pestilence to walk at noon-day among them, will bury them under no debris of earthquake, will curse them with no wicked spirit of cruelty or deceit.

Not for this as guilt in the sight of Heaven, not merely for this as a crime in the sight of men, would the beautiful city of the Palmetto be the desolation it is to-day. We must go deeper than this to find the thread of connection which binds this effect to its cause. Let us try to go deeper.

Clearly there was something that made it impossible for those people to do that simple thing I have been describing. There was something that made it impossible for them to withdraw from the old government wisely, temperately, judicially, lawfully, and establish a new government for themselves. There was something that made it impossible for them to do anything wisely, temperately, judicially, lawfully, as civilized people use. The history of the period of diplomacy shows conclusively that the spirit of moderation, of judgment, of law, of peace, of consideration and concession was not in them. They did not know what it was. They could not fall in with it; they could not understand it; they thought it was mean. Have we not here a clue to the guilt on which their doom has been visited? Why were they so proud? Why so dictatorial? Why so absolute? Why so imperious and contemptuous? Why will they always break off discussion with menace, and turn the council chamber into a place of rioting? Why do they always meet argument with anger, and reason with rage? Why are they so ready to end the conference by the challenge, and to cut short compromise by the sword? Why do they lurk and palter and tamper with votes? Why do they carry pistols in their breast pockets and bludgeons under their cloaks? Whence their evil spirit of jealousy, and their disregard of the customs of even sacred places like the Senate chamber? Let us put our finger on that weakness of theirs, that universal, invariable weakness, and see if it does not disclose the secret of their guilt. It is plain on the surface that these men have no spirit of fraternity even among their equals. They confess no equals out of their own class. The one blood they do not acknowledge, even in the veins of the white race. The Caucasians have not one parentage in their judgment. The common humanity is not to be confessed in the descendants of Englishmen of a century or so back. Anglo-Saxons are not of the same Father. Trading Anglo-Saxons, laboring Anglo-Saxons are of inferior race, meant to be serfs. They have the *sangre azul*, the purple blood, and by title of it they are to have what they want. Their great quality is SCORN. There is scorn in all they do. They reason scornfully, they treat scornfully; there is scorn in the demonstrations of their good will; there is scorn in their kindness; their politeness is marked by condescension; their fascination is largely saturated with contempt.

I think we are getting near the secret of their guilt; signs like these are infallible. Follow the leadings of this hint. They carry us to their homes, and there in a moment the whole cause stands revealed. They could not withdraw peacefully and lawfully, they could not wait for the slow processes prescribed by the Constitution, they were impatient of the rules of republican law, because they despised republican men. They despised republican men because they despised honest, plain, simple, laboring men; that is, they despised humanity—common humanity in its work-day dress; they despised humanity under its ordinary experiences of toil and independence; they despised humanity living under the primeval law of labor which Providence ordained for the permanent welfare, for the education and discipline of mankind. They treated laboring men as if they were cattle, simply because they were laboring men. They bought them and sold them, as the old feudal barons used to do. They branded them with hot irons; they lashed them with whips. They kept them ignorant, stupid and degraded. They hunted them with bloodhounds if they ran away from service. They pursued them to other cities, and demanded that other States should recognize them as being a different kind of creature from themselves. I need not say all this—you knew it before. But let me say that this was their guilt. We need not go further to seek it; the assumption that they were made of different stuff from the rest of mankind; the assumption not so much that they were made of finer clay as that they were not made of clay at all; that they were potters, and could fashion clay to their will; that they were in some sense lords of creation, and not creatures; nobles by a title which even English nobility dare not claim, the title of another and nobler parentage. This assumption was their sin. They made no account of the law of a common life, the law by which the race is a solid. They accepted the Bible doctrine of the descent of all men from Adam, on condition that the curse of Ham should not be lifted, and that the sweat of the brow by which bread is earned should forever be a mark of malediction. The awful word Justice was not in their dictionary. They had no perception of the deep meaning of "kindness," the partaking of a common kind.

Now this is the very root of all offence. It is the guilt of guilt. It is the sin against the Holy Ghost. No doubt other men commit that sin; all men commit it in some degree. There is not one who is wholly just, not one who is wholly kind. Yes, and we all suffer from committing it. It is the unpardonable sin; no one who ever perpetrated it was ever forgiven. The woe of humanity, the groaning of creation attests the rigor with which the Eternal Law visits the transgression of the line of fraternity. All commit this sin; but other men get down on their knees and pray to be forgiven by Heaven for committing it. The peculiarity of these people was that they openly avowed inhumanity as a dogma; they elaborated unkindness into a philosophy; they made injustice the basis of a theory of government. They reduced contempt to a science; they subsidized Scripture in support of it, and hung the robe of the priesthood on its back. They put it into their prayers, and thanked God for it. It was the characteristic feature of their piety. They added a grace to the Pharisee; for while he was content with thanking God that he was not as other men are, they thanked God that he made them instrumental in keeping other men what they were not.

Nor was this all their guilt. For this belief of theirs they actually did organize into a social system of vast extent and power. They made their philosophy a fact, rooted it and grounded it in the soil of human interests and relations, twined about it the associations of domestic life, implicated it in institutions, identified it with government, worked it up into constitution, statute, law; wove it into the very texture of all their human existence.

Nor did the iniquity stop here. Had they been content to keep this organized system of unkindness to themselves, the doom on them would have been no less certain, but it would have been far less flaming and terrible. But they must make proselytes to it; they must needs establish an apostolate to sustain it as THE system, the true and only system of society. They demanded its recognition by the whole country as a Providential and sacred order of things, which wise men would do well to substitute for the other order based on the dogma of the moral unity of mankind.

Now what could be expected from an atheism like this? This simple fact explains everything that has come to pass. Is it anything to wonder at that they were insolent and domineering? that they were indolent, haughty, luxurious? that they could not brook even legal and constitutional opposition? that they resented argument, and resorted to it only because they were not strong enough to do without it? Is it anything to wonder at that they haughtily strode over barriers which they themselves put up when they were weak, and solely because they were weak? Certainly not. People who start with an assumption like theirs will not stop at any trifles. It involves every moral enormity. It explains the hideous barbarities of their warfare, and their ability to infuse an extra ingredient of the Satanic into Satan's own sport. The horrible treatment of Union prisoners, of which we have such an abundance of authentic details, was an inevitable consequence from their first principle, the radical inequality of mankind, the essential and ordained antipathy of the races. The hideous atrocities perpetrated on the black soldiers, at Wagner, Fort Pillow and elsewhere, follow fatally from their axiom of inhumanity. We can believe anything of men who start from such premises as theirs. We need not deny them every external and artificial grace of manner and of mind. We may allow them to be elegant, charming, fascinating, brilliant, talented, witty, accomplished, cultivated in arts and letters, persuasive, eloquent, irresistible; we may admit that they are condescending, open-handed, generous; we may extol them for something better than their small hands and feet; but we are familiar with Goethe's delineation of Mephistopheles, and we know who it was that an apostle described as disguised as an Angel of Light.

Tennyson, in his fine poem entitled "Aylmer's Field," tells how a proud and wealthy family became extinct; how an estate was parcelled out and divided; how a great house came to ruin and lordly parks fell into waste and desolation, and a noble name passed away, simply because two haughty parents refused to let their only daughter and child marry a noble youth, more than their equal in all manly qualities, but less than their equal in social rank. The muse of history bases this great epic of ours on a similar theme.

How swift the process of judgment has been! Less than two centuries and a half ago, this principle began its course on the continent, exactly abreast of the opposite principle of human unity and equality. The continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was open to them both—the better half to them. The principle of human unity and fraternity has redeemed nature from what seemed in some places to be a hopeless sterility; it has made the earth bring forth increase, and caused the desert to blossom like the rose; it has been blessed with an immense increase of population; it has opened communication by railway and canal between the most widely separated portions of the country, and made cities spring up, as it were in a night, along their lines. It has heaped up enormous wealth. It has multiplied school-houses, seminaries, colleges, libraries, lyceums, academies of sciences and arts. It has immensely developed the capacities of human nature; it has made a world of workers; it has opened industries to the poor, opportunities to the disfranchised, privileges to the obscure; it has secured personal independence to thousands who in other lands never would have known the meaning of the word; it has furnished new and natural guaranties for the security of life and property; it has given us a substitute for the cruel stringencies of ancient legislation; it has diminished the number of policemen, making each individual the responsible guardian of his neighbor's goods and person; it has thrown terrible odds against vice and immorality by disclosing their ruinous consequences; it has reduced to a minimum the immunities of crime, by making the secrecy of it impossible and the punishment of it certain; it has wonderfully stimulated intelligence; it has multiplied the natural safeguards of virtue, and given promise of a domestic and social purity hitherto unknown; it has liberalized religion under the action of the voluntary system, so that to some appreciable degree it expresses the joy and faith and hope and aspiration of the soul. It has done all this for a people with many faults and failings, with many crudities and perversities. We need not praise the people who have accepted this principle, or rather whom the principle has deigned to accept. We need not disguise their vices, cloak their errors, apologize for their infidelities, or speak gently of their many and grievous sins. We may see and mark all the glaring faults of their social and political regulations. The more abundant and glaring these are, the more credit is due to the principle that has done so much towards making their material and social condition what we see it is; a condition of unexampled prosperity, of singular comfort and happiness, of remarkable social virtue.

What now has the opposite principle done, which assumed the essential inequality of mankind, the doctrine that God did not make of one blood all nations? Let Charleston answer—"a wilderness of shattered and tenantless brick and mortar." Let Savannah answer—New Orleans, Mobile. Let Kentucky and Tennessee, let South Carolina and Georgia answer, Alabama and Mississippi. Let the horde of refugees, white and black, answer, that pour into the border towns only less ragged and dirty in body than in mind and manners. Let the secret chambers answer which Gen. Sherman opened with his sword. The voices sound hollow as from a tomb. How terribly true it is: "Let a people give up their contest with moral evil; disregard the injustice, the ignorance, the greediness that may prevail among them, and part more and more with the Christian element of their civilization; in declining this battle with sin, they will inevitably get embroiled with men. Threats of war and revolution punish their unfaithfulness; and if then, instead of retracing their steps, they yield again and are driven before the storm, the very arts they had created, the structures they had raised, the usages they had established, are swept away; 'in that very hour their thoughts perish.' The portion they had reclaimed from the young earth's ruggedness is lost; and failing to stand fast against man, they finally get embroiled with nature, and are thrust down beneath the everlasting hand." (Martineau's "Endeavors," 11. p. 177.)

And now, friends, in what spirit ought we to look at this scene of retributive desolation? With anger, with vindictiveness, with fierce personal exultation? Oh no! It is not time for that. We are but instruments, and very poor ones, too, of a Providential Will. Personal passion, feelings of wrath and vengeance are unseemly now in this immediate and overwhelming presence of Eternal Law. What is the noise of our voices when these vast thunders are rolling? What is the sparkle of our eyes when these swift lightnings are flashing? What is the clenching of our little fists when the swords of the angels are leaping from their scabbards, and the hand of the great Avenger is at the victim's throat? It is an impertinence—it is worse than an impertinence—it is an insult, it is a sin, when orators, men or women, stand before the people and try to lash them into fury by their speech, clamor for a wholesale confiscation of property, call for the halter and the hangman, and unstop all the vials of their invective, that they may pour vitriol into the gaping wounds of these victims of God. Is not the universe mighty enough to inflict judgment? Is not the doom of nature enough? Their cities taken, their homes abandoned and spoiled, their property burned, their social state completely disorganized and broken up, their power prostrate, their prestige departed, their plantations overrun, their laboring people dispersed never to be assembled again; the rich beggared, the happy reduced to misery, whole families extinct. Is this nothing? Is it nothing to have been disappointed in a life-long ambition, to have been balked in a life-long purpose, to have been beaten by a despised foe? Is humiliation nothing for such as they?

Then consider if the doom goes on, as to all appearance it will, as by the laws of nature it must, consider the terrible weight of opprobrium which these people must struggle under to the grave; the execration of innumerable widows and orphans that they have made, the contempt and horror that the civilized world will pour upon them; the loathing of their generation, the awful verdict of all future time, the fearful record of history against the men who caused the shedding of oceans of blood in civil war, in order that they might establish an empire on contempt of man? Can we add anything to this? Would any death we could inflict be aught but a merciful alleviation of their doom? Oh! friends, it is more becoming in us to stand still and watch, with finger pressed on lips, quietly thinking, tenderly feeling, Christianly hoping and praying, contritely remembering that a portion of the judgment, and no small portion either, has fallen on us; that if we had been more faithful to our principle, they might have been delivered from theirs.

One word more, dear friends. Standing and gazing on this scene of retributive desolation, meditating deeply on the cause of it, tracing the sudden and certain connection between the guilt and the doom, can we help feeling profoundly the duty that is laid on us to put away forever every vestige of that old guilt that may yet be clinging to us, and to accept, fully and fairly, in all its length and breadth, the principle on which our own civilization is founded; the principle of fraternity, the moral unity of mankind, the equal humanity of all men, the absolute identity of human nature with itself, the absolute identity of the laws of ethics for men of all races? Should we not make haste to shake from our feet the very dust of that old contempt which so utterly reduces men again to dust? Should we not make haste to establish bonds of fraternity between all members of the human family without distinction of person? It may be a question whether the right of suffrage should be absolutely universal, extended to all men without limit or qualification. But for us there surely can be no question, that if it is extended to one man, it should be to another; if to the white man, then to the black. The limitations and qualifications must be equally distributed. There should be no white man and black man, but only MAN. Till we touch this point, the heart of the matter is untouched. The ancient offence remains, in mitigated form it is true, but how far the form will remain mitigated, who can tell? Diseases spread swiftly, as we have cause to know; and before we are aware there may be another sentence, another doom, another desolation. Guns may thunder again, and camps may make a winter of the fields, and cities may fall, and blood may flow, and our homes be left unto us desolate. God grant that we may never see that day! God grant that the ancient root of bitterness may be so completely exterminated that none of its fruit may ever touch our lips; that none of its blossoms may ever meet our eye again; that none of its pestilent seeds may live to curse another soil! God grant that we need no more the thunder of the cannonade to beat down to the dust the walls of prejudice against a race, but that the ground may be clear for the free and happy play of the restorative forces of order, industry, and law. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, will give us his blessing.

SCENES IN CHARLESTON.

[Extracts of a letter from the Special Correspondent of the *Tribune*, written in Charleston Feb. 20, 21, 22.]

As we neared the wharves the post brass band, which had come with us from Hilton Head, struck up the spirit-stirring air of Yankee Doodle. That tune should be heard under such circumstances to be duly appreciated.

The wharves looked as if they had been deserted for half a century—broken down, dilapidated, grass and moss peeping up between the pavements, where once the busy feet of commerce trod incessantly. The warehouses near the river; the streets as we enter them; the houses and the stores and the public buildings—we look at them and hold our breaths in utter amazement. Every step we take increases our astonishment. No pen, no pencil, no tongue can do justice to the scene. No imagination can conceive of the utter wreck, the universal ruin, the stupendous desolation. Ruin—ruin—ruin—above and below; on the right hand and the left; ruin, ruin, ruin, everywhere and always—staring at us from every paneless window; looking out at us from every shell-torn wall; glaring at us from every battered door and pillar and verandah; crouching beneath our feet on every sidewalk. Not Pompeii nor Herculaneum, nor Thebes nor the Nile have ruins so complete, so saddening, so plaintively eloquent.....A proof to the Christian that God's judgments are sure, and that the cries of the poor are heard at The Great Throne and avenged by the all-Righteous Judge. They acted, the men who lived in these mansions and trafficked in these stores and marts, as if God were dead; as if their own will was the only standard of right—they mocked at any "higher law"; they sold the poor men in their avarice and killed the good men in their hate; when, lo! the people whom they despised rose up against them and subdued them, and the race whom they enslaved trod their streets under the banners and as the comrades of their conquerors!

But we remembered that our first duty was to learn for our Northern readers not what ruin had been wrought here, but how the city was captured. So we hurried to the newspaper offices up-town—for their old places of business had been rendered uninhabitable by the shells which sought them out—and found able by the shells which sought them out—and found them, too. We found the *Mercury* office deserted—a negro family already quartered in the room which had been the editorial sanctum! In the front room, there were four busts of eminent Americans—one of them Calhoun. I have no respect whatever for mere intellect, unless it is employed for the benefit of the race; and when it is perverted and made an engine for the oppression of the poor, I have a cordial detestation of it. These human infernal machines, these torpedoes in trowsers, should be treated just as their mechanical images are treated—destroyed or put out of harm's way. Now Calhoun did more than any one man to make slavery respectable—he used all his great powers to crush the negro. So I hate him. I said to the negress who showed us into the room: "That man was your great enemy—he did all he could to keep you slaves—you ought to break his bust."

She said nothing, and as I was occupied in examining manuscripts I did not notice that she left the room. After a while, having finished my search, I thought that the bust of Calhoun would be a trophy for THE TRIBUNE Office, and made up my mind to "spoil the Egyptians" to that extent.

The negro woman was there, and I saw that the bust had disappeared. I asked her where it was.

She had "done gone" and broke it!

So perish all Queen Liberty's enemies!

After various researches, we obtained the current news of the evacuation.

[Having related the circumstances of the evacuation and surrender of the city, the writer proceeds:]

The first national soldiers that landed in Charleston in the capacity of masters of the rebel city, were the South Carolina negroes (thank God) of the Twenty-first United States Colored Troops. There was also a detachment of the gallant Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, who were the first negro troops to demonstrate on Southern soil the splendid fighting qualities of the colored race. They were the heroes of Fort Wagner, where Shaw lies buried "under his niggers," as the brutal ruffians reported. The Pennsylvania Fifty-second formed the rest of the forces of occupation.

Soon the Star-Spangled Banner floated from the tops of the Custom House, the Citadel, and the Arsenal—waving for the first time here over free soil and a people free.

All the public buildings were immediately taken possession of, and detachments stationed to guard them.

Two companies of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts are doing Provost-Marshal duty. At every public building the tidy negro soldiers can be seen, halting citizens, ordering them back, or examining their passes. They are well-behaved gentlemen, and contrast very favorably with some of the rebel citizens. I heard of one citizen, a woman, who complained of them as insolent.

"Do the Yankees trouble you?" was asked of this person.

"No," she said, "the Yankees don't; but your negroes do."

"They do not insult *you*, do they?"

"No, not me; but they do others."

"What do they do?"

"Oh! they won't turn out of the sidewalk for you, and they will go up to a white man and ask him for a light for their cigars!"

To appreciate this enormity fully, it should be known that it is a part of the unwritten law of South Carolina that every negro on meeting a white person on the sidewalk shall give them the inside—or "the wall." Some seditious Yankees have probably advised the negroes of the fact that this *lex non scripta*, is repealed, or at least played out.

Since one of our soldiers went into a Catholic cathedral in Mexico, and requested a priest to give him one of the tapers to light his cigar at, there has probably nothing been done by American troops so offensive to the feelings of the natives of a conquered country as was perpetrated when the first negro soldier stepped up to one of the scions of the chivalry here and asked him for a light. "But things like this, you know, must be, after a famous victory," as the uncle of little Peter Kinvey judiciously remarked.

On Tuesday evening, about seven o'clock, we heard prolonged and hearty cheering in a neighboring street. I ran in the direction indicated by the shouts, and found that the Massachusetts Fifty-fifth (colored) regiment had just landed in the city:

John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
As we go marching on!

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a crab apple-tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a crab apple-tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a crab apple-tree,
As we go marching on!

Imagine, if you can, this stirring song chanted with the most rapturous, most exultant emphasis, by a regiment of negro troops, who had been lying in sight of Charleston for nearly two years—as they trod with tumultuous delight along the streets of this pro-slavery city, whose soil they had just touched for the first time—imagine them, in the dim light of the evening, seeing on every side groups of their own race—men, women, maidens and little children, who greeted them with a joy that knew no bounds save that of physical ability to express itself fully—imagine them, as they finished their song of triumph, unite with equal ecstacy, in singing that other thrilling melody:

Down with the traitor,
Up with the star—

Imagine them cheering, as only triumphant troops can cheer, in honor of the "stars and stripes," and "Massachusetts," and "Gov. Andrew," and you may conceive (albeit very faintly) the sublime and unequalled scene that I had the privilege of witnessing on Tuesday night in Charleston.

I heard a lieutenant of the 55th, in command of Company I, give the order—"*Shoulder* ARMS," and in a minute afterward shook hands with him, for he was an old acquaintance. Who do you think he was? The son of William Lloyd Garrison!

Maj.-Gen. Gillmore and Admiral Dalghren, as I told you in my last dispatch, landed in this city on Saturday morning. It is said that whenever a negro was told that it was Gen. Gillmore who commanded the National army here, a broad grin would at once make him show how fine a set of teeth he had for his own private use. It was a happy accident that enabled Gen. Gillmore to be in command of this Department now. It makes the triumph poetical and complete.

[The writer gives an account of a dinner on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, given by Mr. Getty, the agent of the Philadelphia bounty for Savannah. It was given at the house of a negro, the chief caterer of Charleston, and Gen. Webster, Chief of Gen. Sherman's staff, presided.]

The entertainment passed off very pleasantly, and concluded by a comic song (of genuine negro humor) by a party of colored men. It was one of the few comic songs that are of negro origin, for most of their melodies are sad and plaintive. A colored band (Robert Lord's) was in attendance, and did credit to themselves as well as added much to the festivity of the assembly.

The band, after the guests dispersed, went up to the new post-office and played Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia and other popular and patriotic airs. A large crowd of colored people and soldiers attended, and even the white rebels of the female persuasion peeked through their window blinds to witness the ceremony.

Speaking of raising the flag in Charleston reminds me that Maj.-Gen Anderson has been invited to come down and hoist the original flag over Sumter. The rebel flag was discovered hidden among the rubbish there. It is as torn and rent as the Confederacy it represents.

There is a fair proportion of adult male white citizens left—although they are mostly old men, deserters and foreigners. Gov. Aiken estimates its present population at from 15,000 to 20,000. There are large numbers of negroes, not so many, of course, as before the rebellion (for then they were as plentiful as blackberries), but in view of the action of the insurgents in evacuating other cities. The mulatto ladies are more numerous here, and handsomer, than in any Southern city I ever visited (and I have seen nearly all of them), with the exception, perhaps, of New Orleans; and there, although they are often beautiful, they do not bear that relative proportion to the white citizens that they do in Charleston.

Wherever we went we found the negroes gathered in groups, especially the women, their dusky faces beaming with joy. Any salutation to them was invariably received with the liveliest satisfaction—often answered by "God bless you," and other words of gratitude to the Lord and the Yankees, whom they look on as His agents.

Our washerwoman at Hilton Head was a talented and lady-like colored person named Rosa. Her manners would have done credit to any drawing-room. Her husband and she, with two other slaves, escaped from Charleston three years since, by a bolder movement than that of Robert Small. They went out one moonlight night in a little canoe, and paddled past Fort Sumter, so near it that they saw the sentinels pacing to and fro on the battlements. They were taken up by a gunboat, and went to Boston, where they lived a year, when they came back to Hilton Head, in the hope of being able to reach Charleston.

Rosa asked us to try to see her mother, and tell the old woman that she still lived and would join her at an early day. She thought that her mother was at Gov. Aiken's, and we went there; and one of his ex-slaves conducted us to her house, proud to be able to render any service to the Yankees. In one of the rear buildings of a third class house, the old woman was living. Ex-Gov. Aiken's ex-slave threw open the door, and with quite a dramatic air introduced my friend "Carleton," as, I suppose, no American was ever introduced to anyone before:

"Here's comes de great Massiah wid news of Rosa!"

The old woman sprung up with a half-scream, half-shout of joy, grasped his hand in both of hers, and, looking up reverently, the tears streaming down her furrowed cheek, gave utterance to emotions of gratitude to her God so touching, so fervent, so thrilling, that I cannot think of it yet without feeling my own tears begin to well up. Neither in prayer-meeting or in pulpit have I ever heard such unalloyed devotion. Carleton was so overpowed with sympathetic emotion that he wept almost as much as the old mother. I will not attempt to give her words—for the cinders only tell of the fire to those who have felt its warmth. The words were simple and broken and uncouth; but the soul of the Royal Psalmist never surged with a more genuine devotion. She offered to share her scanty lot of meal with us and to cook for us; she pressed us to call on her, again and again, and as we parted the old mother bent down and fervently kissed our hands.

And yet the demi-fiends of the South dare to say that these people have no enduring affection for their children—that they suffer no more than the herds of the fields do when they learn that their little ones have been sold away from them. This rebellion did not come too soon, either for our good or theirs, and unless we are ready to do the fullest justice to the slaves—our truest and almost our only friends in all the South—it cannot last too long. And until then, "damned be he who first cries 'hold, enough.'"

There are white loyalists in Charleston, but thus far they have shown themselves, with but two exceptions, to be infinitely inferior to the negroes in courage. They take you by the button-hole, away in some corner, or where they are certain that we are all Northern men, and tell how they have always been true to the Union. They are afraid to fling out the flag; afraid to rejoice openly with us; afraid to say that their soul is their own—which indeed is doubtful. But the negroes cheer us, bless us, dance for joy when they see our glorious flag—pray for us, fight for us, "can't love us enough," as they beautifully express it. The negroes may be an inferior race up North, but not down here by a good deal.

There is a stronghold here in Charleston, a mental Fort Sumter, in which a breech has been made that we should instantly man and woman too—mount with our monitors in broadcloth and crinoline, *Ignorance*. The negro population, here as everywhere, are eager to be taught. Hitherto, the barbarous laws of this heathen State have forbidden any one to teach the loyal population—that class, at least, who are loyal without ifs or buts, or any other form or style of qualification: the colored people. Send along the teachers, Massachusetts and New York, without an hour's delay. Preparations will be made at once to receive them, and to set them to work as soon as they arrive. Gen. Webster appreciates the importance of this movement, and will give it every aid in his power. Doubtless, Gen. Gillmore will do so, also; but as I have not yet spoken to him on the subject, I write only from my general knowledge of his character. Let the daughters of New England who are living cheerless and aimless lives at home make a dash for the City of Charleston instantly!

At the beginning of the rebellion or of the threats of Rebellion, Mr. Caleb Cushing predicted that the grass would grow in the streets of Boston and New York if a civil war resulted from Mr. Lincoln's election. The prophecy has failed—rather signally; and I enclose you a handful of proofs of it. I pulled this clover and grass at noon to-day in front of the Charleston Hotel and the Mills House—which, before the Union was dissolved (according to the theory of Mr. Cushing's Southern friends), were always the busiest parts of Meeting st., the chief business street of the city. I wish to send it to the Boston Athenæum for permanent preservation, to be bound up, if possible, with Mr. Cushing's speech. Could a better reply or a fitter illustration be devised for it?

I have another relic, which is equally curious. We went to the office of the Charleston *Mercury*, but found that Mr. Rhett, its editor, had Rhett-ired, and carried his printing press and types along with him. But, on a standing galley, there was half a column of what the printers call "dead matter"—type that has been used for an issue of the paper and is ready for "distribution." It was almost entirely composed of advertisements, but there were three lines, which seemed so significant of the character of the Southern leaders—full of brag even when getting ready to run away—that I took the liberty of securing them for posterity, just as they had been "

can't love you enough," are phrases that I have heard here more than once in walking along the streets.

The last words of the old negress were as fine as anything I ever heard these good people utter. "When Mr. Gillmore fire de guns," she said, looking upward, "and I hear de shells a sailin' ober my head, I say 'Come, dear Jesus,' and I feel nearer to Heaben dan I ever feel before."

An English woman told us that it was amazing to see how the women of Charleston urged their husbands, brothers and sons into the army at the early stage of the rebellion. "Preachers and women brought on this war," said an old colored man who spoke of the same thing. One lady declared that she would set fire to her own house rather than that the Yankees should capture the city. She still lives, however, and she has not lighted the torch as yet.

Nearly all the heathen temples called churches here, in which they worshipped a god who instituted and ordained human slavery, have been smashed into by Gillmore's shells. All the banks are similarly broken—dead broke.

We visited all the slave pens, and broke them open. What a tale of wickedness these letter books do tell! We carried off, among us all, the entire correspondence of these establishments, the bell, the auctioneer's block, the locks, and one sign.

Over one slave-trader's desk are now inscribed these

"TEXTS FOR THE DAY:"

"I am an Abolitionist; I glory in the name."—*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."—*Isaiah.*

"Put a pike in the hands of a slave and you make a man of him."—*John Brown.*

"On to Richmond."—*The New York Tribune.*

Feb. 22, 1865.

I write this last paragraph in the editorial rooms, down town, of the Charleston *Mercury*. The window glass and sashes are shattered by shot. Over the mantle-piece, in pencil-marks, are written these lines, which show that the irrepressible spirit of radicalism (but on the right side now) seems to inhabit the office still:

For President in 1868,
WENDELL PHILLIPS, of Massachusetts;
For Vice-President,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS, of New York.

Shades of Calhoun—how are the mighty fallen Surely, the great nullifier's bones must rattle in impotent rage at the overthrow of his heathen philosophy.

BERWICK.

THE SLAVE MART—THE TABLES TURNED.

Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

CHARLESTON, Friday, Feb. 24, 1865.

It is impossible for me to give a complete representation of the joy of the freedmen of this city over the arrival of the Yankees. On Monday morning last, when the steamer W. W. Coit, with Gen. Gillmore's flag at the fore and the Stars and Stripes at the stern, steamed up the harbor, with the band playing "Hail Columbia," there was a sudden gathering of colored people upon the wharves. They were full of ecstacy. Springing upon the pier before the lines were thrown out, I met a gray-bearded old man, who touched his hat, bowed himself to the ground and said, "Good morning, massa."

"We are Yankees, Uncle. Are you not afraid of us?" I said.

"God bless you, no, massa. I've prayed for you to come, and God has heard me," he said, grasping my hand. He threw his old battered hat upon the ground, looked upward and poured out his gratitude from an overflowing heart.

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, massa."

"Well, you are a slave no longer. You are as free as I am."

"Is it so, massa?" he asked with indescribable earnestness, and again raising his eyes toward Heaven, he gave thanks to God, with an emotion such as I never before witnessed.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

Charleston has been one of the great slave marts of the South. She has been the boldest advocate for the reopening of the slave trade. Her statesmen legislated for it; her ministers of the Gospel upheld it as the best means for Christianizing Africa, and the ultimate benefit of the whole human race. Being thus upheld, as might be expected, the slave-traders set up their auction block in no out-of-the-way place. A score of men opened offices and dealt in the bodies and souls of men. Among them were T. Ryan & Son, M. M. McBride, J. E. Bowers, J. B. Oaks, J. B. Baker, Wilbur & Son, on State and Chalmers streets. Twenty paces distant from Baker's is a building bearing the sign—"Theological Library, Protestant Episcopal Church." Standing by Baker's door and looking up Chalmers street to King street, I read another sign—"Sunday School Depository." Also, "Hibernian Hall," the building in which the ordinance of secession was signed. In another building, on the opposite corner, is the Registry of Deeds. Near by is the guard-house with its grated windows, its iron bars being an appropriate design of double-edged swords and spears. Thousands of poor slaves have been incarcerated there for no crime whatever, except for being out after 9 o'clock, or for meeting in some upper chamber to tell God their wrongs, with no white man present. They ought to have obeyed the injunction of the deep-toned bell of old St. Michael's, which, at 8½ in the evening, in its high and venerable tower, opened its trembling lips and shouted: "Get you home! Get you home!" Always that; always that of command; always of arrogance, superiority, and caste; never of love, good-will and friendship. On Sunday morning it said to the white man, "Come and sit in your old-fashioned, velvet-cushioned pews, you rich ones! Go up stairs, you niggers!"

I heard the old bell last night at half-past eight. A week ago, at 9 o'clock, the horse patrol dashed through the streets, and all negroes abroad without a pass were marched down to the guard-house. Now, freedmen walk the street at all hours of day and night, unchallenged even by the dusky sentinels pacing their appointed beats, whose only duty is to keep watch against surprise from those who would bring chains and slavery once more to the people.

The guard-house doors are wide open. The jailor has lost his occupation. The last slave has been incarcerated within its walls, and St. Michael's curfew shall be sweetest music henceforth and forever. It shall ring the glad chimes of freedom—freedom to come, to go, or to tarry by the way—freedom from sad partings of wife and husband, father and son, mother and child.

The brokers in flesh and blood took good care to be well buttressed. They set up their mart in a respectable quarter, with St. Michael's and the guard-house, the Registry of Deeds and the Sunday School Depository, the Court house and the Theological Library around them to uphold and sustain them, and make their calling respectable.

But the "Marsh Angel" has rattled all the glass from the windows of St. Michael's, splintered the pews and smashed the pulpit. Its messengers have howled over the grave of Calhoun, the apostle of secession, whose bones are moldering in the adjoining cemetery. The same "Angel" has made a record of its doing in the Registry building. At one stroke it opened the entire front of the Sunday School Depository to the light of heaven. There is a mass of evidence in the Court-room—several cart loads of brick and plaster introduced by Gen. Gillmore—which the advocates of secession here thought admissable.

I entered the Theological Library building through a window from which Gen. Gilmore had removed the sash. A pile of old rubbish lay upon the floor—sermons, tracts, magazines, books, papers, damp, musty and moldy—turning into pulp beneath the rain drops which came down through the shattered roof.

Amid these surroundings was the Slave Mart—a building with a large iron gate in front, above which, in large gilt letters, was the word "Mart."

The iron gate opened to a hall about sixty feet long by twenty broad, flanked on one side by a long table running the entire length of the hall, and on the other by benches. At the further end a door, opening through a brick wall, gave entrance to a yard. The door was locked. I tried my boot heel, but it would not yield. I called a freedman to my aid. Unitedly we took up a great stone. We gave a blow. Another, and the door of the Bastile went into splinters. Across the yard is a four-story brick building, with grated windows and iron doors—a prison. The yard is walled by high buildings. He who entered there left all hope behind. A small room adjoining the hall was the place where women were subjected to the lascivious gaze of brutal men. There were the steps, up which thousands of men, women and children have walked to their places on the table, to be knocked off to the highest bidder. The thought occurred to me that perhaps Gov. Andrew, or Wendell Phillips, or Wm. Lloyd Garrison, or Drs. Kirke, Storr, or Rev. Mr. Manning would like to make a speech from these steps. I determined to secure them. While doing so a colored woman came into the hall to see the Yankees.

"I was sold there upon that table two years ago," said she.

"You never will be sold again, you are free now and forever," I replied.

"Thank God! O the blessed Jesus he has heard my prayer; I am so glad, only I wish I could see my husband. He was sold at the same time into the country, and has gone I don't know where."

Thus spake Dinah More.

In front of the mart was a gilt star—I climbed the post and wrenched it from its spike to secure it as a trophy. A freedman took down the gilt letters for me, and knocked off the great lock from the outer iron-gate and the smaller lock from the inner door. The steps and lock are on their way to Boston. The key of the French Bastile hangs at Mount Vernon; the staircase of the temple of Jerusalem, up which the Saviour walked, has been transplanted to Rome; and so as relics of the American prison-house now and forever being broken up, I have secured these relics, that all who love freedom, who have worked and prayed through long and weary years for the overthrow of slavery, who have laid down their sons upon the battle-field to save the land, may behold them. These steps have been wet by many tears, men and women have tottered upon them with trembling limbs and broken hearts. Upon them there has been such weeping and sorrow and sighing as slavery alone of all things on earth can give—weeping which has been, but which shall be no more.

Washington's birthday was kept in remembrance in this city by those who never have forgotten his teachings. The numerous war vessels in the harbor flamed with bunting from yard-arm and topmast. It was a gorgeous spectacle, and deeply impressed the minds of the colored population with the invincibility of the Yankees.

"O, gosh a mighty! It is no use for de rebs to think of standing out against de Yankees any longer. I'll go home and bring Dinah down to see de sight!" was the exclamation of an old freedman, as he beheld the magnificent spectacle. Bright colors are the delight of the African race, and a grand display of any kind has a wonderful effect on their imagination.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

MR. LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

THE Second Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States is an event of far more significance than any consummation of a Second Election that is recorded in our history. For never before did a reëlection stand for so much and indicate so profoundly the sense of the nation on matters so deeply affecting its life and happiness. The second success of a President has usually meant only the success of a party, with not much more depending upon it than the retaining or forfeiture of offices, high and subordinate. It would have made no very particular difference to the people, in their political or private capacity, if the failing candidate had been the successful one, however much the murky atmosphere of political excitement might have exaggerated the images seen through it to the hopes and fears of eager partisans. In fact, the country took excellent care of itself, as far as material prosperity was concerned, whatever king might reign. And as the Slave Power had very early established itself on the throne, and all parties united in courting its favor as the condition and element of success, it had no occasion, and its antagonist principle no chance, to occasion any revolutionary disturbance in our affairs. It was only the sure though slow progress of the Anti-Slavery Idea that made the partisans of slavery feel that it was likely to grow too strong for the comfortable maintenance of the old state of things, and so called into being the conspiracy which has done the conspirators to political death instead of the nation against whose life their hands were raised. They first planned the election of Abraham Lincoln with the purpose of making it the occasion of a *coup d'etat* which should prevent his Inauguration and take forcible possession of the Capital and the Departments. The want of organization among themselves, and the force of that dread interim between the acting of a fearful thing and the first motion, prevented them from making their preparations with the needful resolution, so that the moderate military preparations which were within Gen. Scott's command sufficed to keep them in awe. And, possibly, the extent to which they held the control of the army and of the public offices, through their fellow-conspirators or sympathizers employed in the public service, made them content to wait for a less perilous but equally substantial success.

Who does not remember the anxiety which pervaded the public mind of the loyal States on the Fourth of March, 1861? How uncertain we were whether assassination, baulked of its prey in Baltimore, might not accomplish its work in Washington, or that treason might not by force or fraud get possession of the government and obtain ready recognition of the foreign ministers as the actual authorities! And when this apprehension was quieted and the President had actually entered upon his functions, how inadequate the power at his disposal seemed to be for their fit performance and the preservation and defence of the government. During that dreadful six weeks of disintegration, when men's minds were all at sea as to what was desirable and what was possible in such a tremendous crisis, despair of the Republic stole over too many minds. Whether Coercion ought to be used, or, if it ought, whether it could be, was a most agitating question which found no unanimous solution. The attack on Sumter, like a shock of electricity, cured the nation of the partial paralysis which was stealing over its members and restored them to life and strength again. But still, for long months the disease seemed lurking in the nerves, the hearts or the brains of the people and their rulers, hindering such prompt and vigorous action as the time demanded. We will not follow up the history of those first months, which has gradually developed itself into the brilliant history of these later ones. It took long for a people bewitched with material prosperity, cankered by a calm world and long peace, dreading change, and long accustomed to look upon the old slavocratic rule as the only one compatible with private interests, it took a great while for such a people to become a warlike nation, enured to arms and to the sacrifices and sufferings of civil war, and to be educated up to the point of military and civil success. But it was done, and Bull Run and Ball's Bluff and the virtual Siege of Washington have given place to the fall of Savannah, of Charleston, Columbia and Wilmington, the command of the Mississippi, the possession of the South-western States and of Georgia and South Carolina, and the sure fall of the rebellion under the blows of Grant and Sherman. The clouds that lowered upon our house have indeed been made glorious summer for us since those days when they seemed to be shutting us out from all hope and all honor.

And the progress of events has been quite as decisively marked by the victories which they have compelled the people to obtain over themselves in the kingdom that is within them as by those on the fields of actual battle. The nation was not converted from its inveterate pro-slavery wickedness by the audacious insolence that provoked it to a spirit of resistance. It was slow to believe that Slavery and Rebellion were one and indissoluble, identical propositions, synonymous and convertible terms, meaning one and the same thing. Men thought that Rebellion could be suppressed and Slavery left intact. It was a White man's war, waged for the maintenance of the Constitution and not for the abolition of slavery. The civil and military policy of the country was conducted for nearly two years upon this basis. And the Cabinet and the Generals did but reflect the public opinion of the North in so doing. But the education of the public mind was going on all the time. The sternest of all Schoolmasters was abroad, and his teachings gradually, slowly, we fear we must say reluctantly, sunk into the general heart and organized themselves into action. So that in 1863 the President and the people were ready to accept the doctrine that either Slavery or the Nation must perish, and to choose that it should not be the Nation. And so the reformation has gone on faster and faster, until the idea of Immediate Emancipation, which was sullenly submitted to as an inexorable necessity in the Proclamation, has been welcomed as a boon and blessing, with salvoes of artillery, peals of bells and illuminations, when it presented itself in the complete and perfect form of the Constitutional Amendment. And of this vital and radical change of opinion and feeling Mr. Lincoln is the example and the exponent. He has shadowed forth in his own character and person the change of heart which this great revival has been working everywhere with Pentecostal power. And as its incarnation the People took him on their shoulders and bore him again triumphantly to the heights of power and placed him there to finish the work they have given him to do. This is the moral and the lesson involved in his reëlection. It is the Reëstablishment of the Union through the Abolition of Slavery, to which they have now fully made up their minds, and they see that he is the instrument that is the fittest, and best deserves the honor, to be used in this great behalf.

It was a proud day for him, and for us all, that saw him reinvested with his great office, for it was the sanction of all that was characteristic and enduring in his public conduct by the voice of the sovereign people. It was virtually the proclamation of liberty to all the inhabitants of the land. It was the pledge of the Nation to sustain and carry out the distinctive policy of the first Administration of its Chief Magistrate. There was good sense and reason in making it a day of general festivity and rejoicing—for the Nation pledged itself anew to seek peace and prosperity through justice and righteousness. We have watched the conduct of the President for the last four years with anxiety and with jealousy, such as our whole past history could not but excite. We have not withheld our opinions whenever we have thought we saw him faltering in his action or time-serving in his policy. We have been free in our criticism of his ministers and his generals, whenever their action, or inaction, seemed to demand it from an anti-slavery journalist. But we have grown to confide more and more in the promptings of his shrewd common sense and the instincts of an honest heart sincerely seeking to know and do his duty. Mr. Lincoln is not the ideal of a great statesman, of a grasp and power of mind to mould, control and guide the destinies of a nation. We doubt, indeed, whether such a man could have answered exactly such an exigency of just such a people as this so well as Mr. Lincoln has done. We are a peculiar people—not certainly always zealous of good works—and we needed in this distress a Representative Man of our own average character and capacity, with rather more than an average political honesty. We rejoice, therefore, to see him again at the head of the nation, and we have faith to believe that the same qualities which have led him on to the point of Emancipation will enable him to cope with the yet more complex questions which will follow in its train. Much remains to conquer still, after the suppression of the rebellion and the technical Abolition of Slavery, to make the one permanent and the other effectual. The future of the country depends greatly, indeed entirely, on absolute justice being established as the corner-stone of the new polity now that the old head of the corner, Slavery, has been removed. As Mr. Lincoln has seen so clearly that the Slavery of the negro could not coexist with the Unity of the Nation, we believe that he cannot fail to perceive that its prosperity and greatness depend upon the measure in which justice shall be meted out to him, now that his freedom has been conceded.

SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was inaugurated President for the second term of four years on Saturday last, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The ceremony took place on a platform erected in the open air in front of the Eastern portico of the Capitol. The rain of the previous day had filled the streets with mud, and early on Saturday morning, when the people were hoping for a fine day, a new storm burst suddenly over the city, the rain falling in torrents for some hours. In these circumstances, preparations were made for inaugurating the President in the Senate Chamber, and there, as the hour drew nigh, a large concourse of people assembled; but the rain ceased and the sun broke through the clouds just in time for the ceremony to take place in front of the Capitol, where an immense number of people, heedless of the mud and dampness, had gathered. The President had been in the Capitol from an early hour, engaged in signing bills passed just before the adjournment of Congress; but a military and civic procession moved from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol. Colored soldiers formed a part of the military escort, and among the civic societies in the procession were Lodges of colored Odd Fellows and Masons. These facts are unmistakable signs of the mighty revolution that the war has wrought in the minds and hearts of the American people.

The President, Vice-President, members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, members and officers of the Senate and House, etc., moved in procession from the Senate Chamber to the East front of the Capitol, and took the seats provided for them on the platform. On all sides was an eager throng of people, some of them standing in mud two or three inches or more in depth for the sake of witnessing the august ceremony. The oath to protect and maintain the Constitution of the United States having been administered to Mr. Lincoln by Chief-Justice Chase, the President read his Inaugural Address, as follows:

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all we may to achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

After the delivery of the address, the procession returned to the Executive Mansion, and in the evening the house was open to all comers. The crowd was immense beyond all precedent. Among the guests were a few colored people, including Frederick Douglass, with a colored lady at his side.

THE CABINET.—The only change that has taken place in the Cabinet is in the appointment of Hon. Hugh McCulloch of Indiana to succeed Mr. Fessenden as Secretary of the Treasury. The nomination of Mr. McCulloch was unanimously confirmed by the Senate.

A COMMENDABLE ACT.—The Senate has adopted a resolution instructing the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove from the part of the Capitol under control of that body the bar for the sale of intoxicating liquors. The resolution was introduced by Mr. Wilson, in consequence, probably, of the humiliating spectacle presented in the Senate Chamber on the 4th inst., by Vice-President Johnson, who presented himself in a state of inebriety to take the oath of office!

PERSONAL.

The colored people of Nashville have presented Gov. Johnson a gold watch, valued at $350, as an appreciation of his "untiring energy in the cause of freedom."

Anna E. Dickinson will deliver her lecture on "Women's Work and Wages" at the Cooper Institute on Friday evening of this week. This is the lecture so highly commended in the paragraph we copied from the *Independent* last week.

George Thompson has lately been on a visit to Canada—perhaps is there still. We have heard of him at Montreal and Quebec, in both which places he met a generous welcome and addressed large audiences on the Southern Rebellion, its causes and consequences.

The *Commonwealth* says: Letters from Charleston, S. C., state that the *Mercury* of that city will be immediately revived, with Mr. James Redpath, of Malden, Mass., as editor. Mr. Redpath is the Charleston correspondent of the *Tribune* and the writer of the letter from which we have copied so largely on the first page.

Col. Stewart L. Woodford, late Assistant U. S. District Attorney in New York, and a young man of splendid abilities, has been relieved of his duties as Provost Marshal General of the Department of the South, appointed Chief of Staff to Maj.-Gen. Gillmore, and assigned to the temporary command of Charleston.

The *Commonwealth* says that Mrs. Horace Mann has been busily engaged for a number of years in collecting and arranging for publication the various papers of her late distinguished consort. They have now been given to the printer, and will soon appear in elegant style in a volume corresponding to that embracing Wendell Phillips's speeches.

Rev. J. W. Loguen will deliver a lecture in the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening next. Subject: "The Advent of the Good Angel." Mr. Loguen was once a slave, and after his escape from bondage devoted him self to the work of assisting other fugitives in their flight to the North. In this way he earned the title of "Underground Railroad King."

Wendell Phillips appeared lately before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, to advocate the passage of a bill placing the Police of Boston and neighboring towns under State control. The *Commonwealth* says his argument was pronounced by competent judges the most satisfactory and convincing of any ever delivered upon that subject.

Sallie Holley lectured at Oberlin a few days since. The *News* of that place says: "She was greeted by a good audience, but not so large as she deserved. As an interesting, attractive, and eloquent lecturer, we think she surpassed the expectations of most of those who heard her. Her command of language, her gracefulness of delivery, and her cogent and eloquent reasoning, place her in the front rank of our lady lecturers."

It pains us to record the death of William Cannon, the loyal Governor of Delaware. He was a man of sterling worth, of thorough loyalty, and of unflinching intrepidity of character. He was a thorough opponent of slavery and used his personal and official influence to promote its abolition in Delaware. He is succeeded, until the next election, by the President of the Senate, a bitter Copperhead. We hope to see the State redeemed from pro slavery rule next Fall.

Martin R. Delany, who was lately commissioned as a Major in the U. S. Army, is the same negro whom Lord Brougham called ex-U. S. Minister Dallas's attention to in the International Congress at London. He was first employed as recruiting agent for the 54th Mass., by Maj. Geo. L. Stearns, and subsequently he raised the first Rhode Island negro heavy artillery, as well as some negro organizations for Connecticut. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and has travelled extensively in Africa. His explorations there have been reported at length to the Royal Geographical Society of London. He is a full-blooded negro, with a flat nose, and kinky head, and is very proud of his unmixed African lineage.

Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., the devoted anti-tobacco apostle, was lately visited at his own house by a group of friends from all the religious societies in the place, who, taking him by surprise, gave him a purse of nearly $300. A felicitous poem was prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Mason, whose productions have so frequently graced these columns. We agree with the *Liberator* in saying that the disinterested and persevering efforts of Mr. Trask to save men and women from filthy habits and unnatural appetites, as pertaining to the use of strong drink and tobacco, are deserving high praise, and constant, generous coöperation.

We were not a little surprised on receiving the other day a letter from our highly esteemed friend, Susan B. Anthony, dated at Leavenworth, Kansas. She finds the great West more attractive even than she anticipated. We give an extract from her letter:

"Here I am in Kansas—have been here just two weeks—am in love with the country, especially the bright warm April days and dry smooth roads. But I am without the STANDARD or *Liberator*, consequently without word of the men and the women with whom I have lived and worked in spirit the past ten years. So please send my STANDARD at once.

"Tell Theodore Tilton he but touched the rim of the 'Great West,' the magnificence whereof he tells his hearers. Well, no one can begin to imagine the reality till he travels over it. I am learning, too, of that wonderful people, the ex-slaves, 4,000 of whom are nestled together in this city—the oldest resident of them all not here over three years! I am in search of the stupid creatures who don't know how to choose between slavery and liberty; but, dear me, every one I have thus far talked with (and I make it a point to enter into conversation with every one I meet), is brimfull of common sense and intelligence. My admiration of the race grows with every day's experience."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.—New Jersey has disappointed our hopes. In the House of Assembly of that State, the Amendment was lost by a tie vote—*every Democratic member voting against it!* While the subject was under debate, Democratic (!) speakers distinctly and unequivocally avowed their conviction that slavery was of divine origin, established by the Almighty, sanctioned by the Bible, and approved by our Saviour; and one of them declared that he would like to amend the Constitution so as to establish slavery as a national institution. Says the Trenton *Gazette and Republican*: "Such speeches in defence of slavery, as were listened to yesterday and Tuesday, would scarcely have been tolerated in South Carolina—certainly the bitterest Southern member of Congress never ventured to offend the ears of his fellow-members by arguments so inhuman and revolting as those uttered by the Rev. Mr. Goble and his friend, Mr. Cory." In the Senate the question has been postponed to March 14, but that body being Democratic by a decided majority, there is not the slightest hope that the Amendment will pass. The question will now go to the people of the State in the next election, and the opponents of slavery should at once prepare themselves for the contest. Every town and school district should be visited by an anti-slavery lecturer, and anti-slavery tracts and newspapers should be scattered broadcast through the State.

The Governor of Vermont has summoned the Legislature of that State to meet on Thursday of the present week to act upon the Amendment. Of course that body will promptly and almost unanimously pass an act of ratification.

The Legislature of Louisiana ratified the Amendment on the 17th ult. in both branches. In the House the vote was unanimous; in the Senate there was one vote in the negative. Secretary Seward, it appears, recognized the legitimacy of the present government of Louisiana, so far as to transmit a certified copy of the Amendment to Gov. Hahn, and request him to "cause the decision of the Legislature to be taken upon the subject."

Mr. Sumner is very confident that the Amendment will be held to become a part of the Constitution when ratified by three-fourths of the loyal States. In the Senate a few days before the adjournment, he used this emphatic language:

"Sir, that Constitutional Amendment will become a part of our fundamental law when it has been approved and ratified by nineteen States of this Union. I submit that question to the judicial and juridical talent of the land. I do not doubt the result. I know already the opinions of learned lawyers and judges on the question. I am not alone. If the Senator (Mr. Doolittle of Wisconsin) again sets himself up on the side of slavery, and by his interpretations seeks to arrest the great march of human freedom, he will find himself in the minority."

Mr. Sumner, we suppose, would not count the votes of the so-called Legislatures of Louisiana, Tenn., Arkansas and Virginia; but leaving these out, and counting Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware on the other side, we still have a list of 17 States which have already ratified the Amendment, and of 5 others which are sure to do so, viz: Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, California and Oregon; making the whole number 22—three more than Mr. Sumner believes will suffice.

LETTER FROM M. D. CONWAY.

28 NOTTING HILL SQUARE, London, Feb. 11.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE carefully read your editorial reply to my note on the question, *Could the Abolitionists support the War were Slavery to become uninvolved in it*, and also the comments of your Boston correspondent, "North," on the same. Permit me to say a word to your position—which differs essentially from that of "North"—first. Regarding it as unquestionable that the rebels are changing, or have changed, front on slavery—the primary object of their rebellion—and are now willing to pay that institution as the price of independence, you nevertheless think that the majority of such Abolitionists as are not non-resistants would still support the war for the Union, and with such majority you agree. The ground upon which they would do so would be the interest of free government everywhere. Now when we remember that the majority of Abolitionists regarded the slaves' freedom as more sacred than Union, and yet even for that object pledged their Society to use only peaceful means, it certainly would be strange if that *majority* should be found supporting war for the minor object! But you think they would and should do this for "free government.' Now the Abolitionists did not, when seeking to divide the Union, imagine that the interest of free government required the possession of the Southern States; what new evidence is there on that point? Take slavery out of the Southern Confederacy, and its Constitution is almost a *verbatim* copy of ours. Even if it were a shade less republican, your argument would justify *a fortiori* an assault upon Cuba with its much less free government. That we have technically a right to coerce the South is no justification of such coercion. Every tyrant may plead technical right. But if only red tape draws us to bloodshed it is a case where *summum jus summa injuria* is to be urged. We do not in these days justify Constantine in spreading Christianity, even, by the sword.

But your correspondent declines with you to meet this question, probably because he does not believe with you (and me) that the South could be induced for independence to genuinely abandon slavery. Delicately reproving you for not giving me just the "proper" answer, he goes on to deal with foreign questions alone—as, Whether partial arming of slaves would abolish slavery, or Could we trust these perjured Southerners if they should promise emancipation, etc. How completely your correspondent was nodding when he wrote that letter may be judged from the following: "Whenever the Southern people are ready to lay down their arms, and cease to follow the villains who have led them into rebellion, they will experience a renewal of the kind treatment, the liberal and generous consideration, which, on the testimony of A. H. Stephens himself, the South has ever received from the North." Now when one reflects that this kind and generous treatment attested by Stephens, of which "North" promises the renewal was (*vide* Stephens's speech) a half century of systematic servility to slavery and concession to its demands, it is plain that "North" had fallen asleep over one of Seward's dispatches, and had scarcely waked up when he penned the above sentence, of which I venture to say he doesn't believe one word.

That "North" truly interprets the heart of his anti-slavery countrymen in saying that this "revolution must never stop until it has established freedom throughout the land" I doubt not; but I doubt if you or he will find them saying, "Slavery ended—let the war go on until every Southern State is ruled from Washington."

So long as a portion of the slaves are armed and freed for military purposes; so long as any doubt rests upon such emancipation, as would be left were any State to hold in possible reservation the right to say in future that it was not fairly represented in such act of emancipation; so long the question of upholding the war or not, is not before us. But I entirely disagree with your correspondent in some of his assertions on these points. I have no doubt that if a *real* resolution were come to in the South that slavery must be abandoned absolutely or the North prevail, they would really abandon that institution. I doubt not that if the act were thus genuine, every human being on earth would be soon satisfied of its genuineness. The idea of "North" that these Southerners could not be believed because they are systematic perjurers for twenty years is frightfully unjust. That many of these men in this rebellion have done unfair things is true. But they are not the only people who have adopted the maxim that all is fair in war. To be a perjurer a man must believe that which he swears to be false. Did Calhoun, Soulé, Hunter, Breckinridge and others doubt for an instant the right of secession? That there is no such right I am now sure; but I know that I once labored devoutly and without falsehood for the other view. I can assure "North" that he has utterly mistaken the Southern people if he thinks that if they were to pledge themselves to emancipate their slaves and not reëstablish the system they would break that pledge—to say nothing of the moral impossibility that a nation striving for respect and recognition among other nations should begin its career by such a violation of plighted faith as would make for every subject of it through the world the reputation of liar and scoundrel, one not to be trusted in any dealing.

Permit me to say, in conclusion, that this question will not, in my opinion, remain so abstract as it may now seem to some. That the South rebelled for the sake of slavery is true; but it is not the whole truth, by any means. Patrick Henry and William Graham, who so bitterly opposed the original adoption of the United States Constitution, were, as were very many of the "State Sovereignty" party, anti-slavery men. In those days there was a party against the Federal Constitution so large that it was barely defeated. The same was the case in South Carolina. These men transmitted a party which has always been anxious to break the Union into fragments for the sake of getting State Sovereignty *alone*. But these men, though much the ablest in Virginia and South Carolina, were in a hopeless minority until in the latter days the growth of freedom in the North enabled them to agitate and alarm the Southern masses—especially the planters. The planters and the South-western masses never hated the Union *per se;* as long as they could see slavery flourish in it they were the most patriotic of men. But the politicians of Richmond, Charleston and Maryland hated the Union far more than they loved slavery. In these cities comparatively few slaves were held; and by the main secession politicians almost no slave was held. How much did the Richmond papers do for secession? Yet I know those editors—and I doubt if five slaves are held among them all. No: this Southern rebellion was in every case effected by the influence of the minority who wished to rule in their own States, and who had the means of arousing the fear and wrath of the planters and their white serfs about slavery. And if this powerful minority, which has an organization coming down from the days of the Constitutional Debate, has won thus far in the game with the stupid planters, may it not win again? These Virginians and Carolinians have always lauded the Radicals of the North and sneered at the Compromisers, for their own ends. They saw that if Abolitionism triumphed they could effect a revolution. And since this rebellion broke out their great fear has been that the North would, by yielding on the slavery question, ruin them among the plantations. And now that they regard the United States as so committed to Freedom that they cannot make any proposition to the planters to secure their institution, these anti-Unionists, *per se*, are beginning to show the thunder-stricken Gulf States that they are willing to give up slavery rather than attempt any compromise that will qualify their independence. Therefore there is every reason to believe that these men, foreseeing the doom of slavery, foreseeing the disgrace of being *forced* to give up that which other countries and States have voluntarily given up, *educated also now for the first time as to the horror with which that institution is everywhere regarded, and the odium it brings upon them*, the Southern leaders are at this moment making a desperate effort to win over the planters to this project of emancipation. At present the planters and their interest are hesitating as to whether they will not make a desperate effort to save their plantations and slaves by throwing themselves into the arms of Louis Napoleon, who has never advised *real* but only *nominal* emancipation—for there is nothing Napoleon would so despise as those cotton-fields *minus* slaves. This is the only complication that holds any danger for us; for slavery might live a long time, unless we could then conquer both the Confederacy and France and some Austrians whom Max would be able to throw into the fray. The State Sovereignty men of Virginia and South Carolina do not like the plan, however, if they can do better.

My own opinion is that not only humanity but interest should lead us to avert these dangers by a concession that would enable the Southerners to come out of the war not so absolutely degraded that their hatred to the North should be traditional, whilst the real cause of the trouble should be done away with. That the North should give up any of the regions it now controls would not be expected; and, so belted, and with slavery abolished, it would be far preferable to leave the rest of the States to come to themselves among the husks and rags that separation would bring them to. My belief is that the North ought to send South a proffer of acceptance of the proposition they think of offering foreign nations—recognition for emancipation. This would I believe, be accepted and accompanied by a good commercial and military treaty, which would put to flight the vultures of monarchy which are hovering rather unpleasantly near the New World. There is always fascination and power in a vision unreached; reached it is very apt to collapse. I do not believe anything will more effectually destroy that deep-seated whim of the South than to let them try it awhile—of course if it can be done harmlessly and without injustice to the negroes. Will it be any better for the country if they are brought back? In any copartnership the highest must meet the lowest opinion half-way. Southern sentiment and culture is nearly one hundred years behind that of the North; and it will never begin to ascend so long as the North is a sectional rival. But will the North retain the elevation it has gained under this temporary separation, when once again it must unite and harmonize and compromise with these men, with perhaps even a hyper-conciliatory tone?

Yours respectfully, M. D. CONWAY.

LETTER FROM MRS. GAGE.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 20, 1865.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE writer of an article in the February number of the *Atlantic* on "Roger Brooke Taney" concludes with these words: "Slavery is dying. The destiny of the country is in the hands of the Eternal Lord." I would ask the writer and the people generally, Is the country in the hands of the Lord any more surely now than when Roger B. Taney sat upon the Bench of the Supreme Court outraging humanity with his infamous decisions in the years of the past? Will the Lord lift his hand, if he has no helpers, here on this good earth?

We have seen how suddenly men of education, talent and intelligence, could become converted from a life-long advocacy of the most palpable and heinous wrong, when that wrong was likely to touch themselves in a manner not for their best interest, and we may reasonably fear the permanence of such conversions. We all know how readily the masses surge to and fro. To-day lauding a McClellan, to-morrow voting him down with scorn and contumely. Slavery will not die if its enemies do not help it to die.

Some of the most vociferous advocates of radicalism, especially hereabout, have had barely time to change their coats, from the most violent negro-haters, ere they took seats in Constitutional Conventions! Are we to suppose such men, and thousands upon thousands of inferior minds that now follow them, were really so blinded to the truth as to honestly believe that it was right to buy and sell humanity two years ago? If so, may it not be possible that their consciences, only awakened at the last moment of great extremity, to see the suffering and hear the groans of the slave, may grow hard again if occasion require it? We do not mean to doubt

eyes and hurry it away forever out of our sight, seeing to it well that no skilful partisan physician gives it resurrection and galvanizes it into life, even for one hour, before we cease to watch and pray, keeping our harness on, ever ready at a moment's warning to enter the list in behalf of the rights of man without distinction of color. F. D. GAGE.

A FORTNIGHT IN OBERLIN.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

OBERLIN, Ohio, Feb., 1865.

MY DEAR M.: Honored forever be *Oberlin* above all schools and colleges in America! For, thirty years ago, she set wide open "the sacred gates of knowledge" to colored students. With true Christian heroism Oberlin thus grappled with the pro-slavery hate and prejudice of color, that made our institutions of State, Church and Learning as ridiculous and wicked with the spirit of caste as those of the Oriental civilizations that we affect to look down upon as heathen and barbarous.

Prof. Fairchild, in his very interesting statement, "Oberlin, its Origin, Progress and Results," justly says: "The wide-spread influence of the ten thousand students, educated here to be the friends of an abused and neglected race, cannot be compassed by human vision." We are glad to be once more in this place, made historic by its practical recognition of human rights. Here we rejoice again to see every assembly made up, "as every American audience should be," of black and white people; actually going to meeting together, reciting in the same classes, singing in the choir in unison. People see this, and understand that Oberlin practices as she preaches. All men are created equal. God is no respecter of persons.

A fortnight has flown by in a round of visits and meetings with these dear old friends, who have warmed us with the heart-beams of an unforgetting, cordial affection. Prof. and Mrs. Fairchild greeted us to their home with most kindly welcome. We came Saturday, and the next morning heard President Finney preach. The day was cold, and that, with vacation, made a thin congregation in the "big church." A new strain of fervent gratitude went into prayer and song for all these years and their opportunities, here and elsewhere, since we first sat in those seats by your side; and there was no need of the "sea of faces," or anything outwardly imposing, to inspire the hour with worship. Mr. Finney prayed and preached—look, tone, manner and matter all characteristic—somewhat mellowed by time. Text: "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." He warmed into a gushing outburst of feeling near the close, and wished he could preach so as to shame this want of faith in the all-loving and good God out of himself, and out of the world, and drive it back to hell where it belongs. "Be astonished, O heavens and earth, that anyone could ever be guilty of such great wickedness as unbelief!" All given with the old dramatic movement and fire that will always make the name of Mr. Finney memorable.

One evening we were at the exhibition of the Freedmen's School, taught by Miss Fanny Jackson, who is also a successful teacher in the Institution. A young lad was brought from the East, and placed at school here. After his first recitation, he came into his boarding-place, flaming with indignation, and threatening to write at once to his parents and get taken home again, because his teacher was a *woman*, and a BLACK woman. But his matron persuaded him to a little delay, and it was not long before he preferred Miss Jackson to any other teacher.

To return to the Freedmen: Oberlin has not failed, you may be sure, to attract its share of this interesting class of our countrymen. We laughed and cried at the first attempts at literary attainment of these "God's grown-up children," as Col. Higginson terms them. The exercises were on a platform, hung with the Stars and Stripes for background, and over it an evergreen arch, inscribed "Jan. 1st, 1863, and 31st, 1865," the dates of the Emancipation proclamation and the Constitutional Amendment. Festoons of the fragrant, pretty foliage of the hemlock decorated the hall. The men, women and children, who have come to the evening school, after their day's work was done, through the Winter, sung their songs and recited their pieces with good sense, and touches of power and eloquence, of which their race is capable to a remarkable degree. I wish you could have heard the first recitation, "Paul's Defence before Agrippa." The dark, oriental complexion, the full, undoubting tones of a confiding nature, helped to interpret the masterly passage with a vivid reality we had never felt before.

When the John Brown song was sung, a little chap, three years old, struck into the chorus with all the unconscious freedom of infancy, and sang with an unction that astonished and amused us. He was on the lap of his father, who had recited Paul so well.

The other selections were very appropriate: A Tribute to Col. Robert G. Shaw, Whittier's Barbara Frietchie, A poem about Olustee, and an account, by an eye-witness, of the taking of Atlanta. He told how the Yankee officers, "the biggest of 'em," treated the colored people. "They took us by the hand, and told us we were free, and how glad they were for us; instead of sending us to Cuba, as our masters told us they would do."

This man said for twenty five years he had wanted to get North, so he could get an education, had earned and paid his master twenty-two hundred dollars to buy his freedom, but was cheated and only had it at last through the war. It was all deeply interesting, and showed how human these dark and light-hued people are. They had a discussion, "Where would it be best to live, in the North, or the South, provided the laws were equal?" One man, lately from the South, was decidedly for that region; where they had grapes and paw paws and persimmons all Winter, and the cattle only needed to have a little salt scattered now and then "just to let them know where *home* was."

The man who replied for the North said: "If it was so easy to keep cattle through the Winter, there was no such butter and cheese to be had in the South. Why, he never had any cheese there, and cheese is delightful." He spoke feelingly of the higher life of schools to be enjoyed at the North; that was better than money, or eating, or ease.

Last Thursday evening Miss Holley gave a valuable address on Prejudice against Color. She eloquently urged the right of colored people to vote in all the States of the Union, protesting against the gross injustice of reconstructing the rebel States with the ballot withheld from the faithful black man, whose every breath has been loyalty to the Union, and letting those vote and hold office again who have been traitors in arms against the country.

She spoke of Anthony Burns's touching letters to Theodore Parker, from Oberlin, when he had learned to write, published in the Memoir of Mr. Parker, where he says his best friends were Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker. Then Miss Holley added a beautiful tribute to Mr. Phillips's sublime faithfulness to the rights of the black man. She said Mr. Garrison was once told, "You are all on fire on this subject." He replied, "I have need to be all on fire, for there are mountains of ice all around me to be melted." And now, thank God! the mountains are melting with the fires of Liberty his ardent soul has kindled.

Very truly yours, C. F. P.

LETTER FROM ONE OF SHERMAN'S SOLDIERS.

AN Ohio soldier serving under Sherman, writing to his sister in New York shortly after the fall of Savannah, says:

"I like soldiering well. It is just fun for me to be on a good horse and get on a chase after the rebels. We caught quite a number of them on our way from Atlanta to Savannah.

"I wish you could see how the ladies of Georgia live at this time. Their negroes have all left them, and the damned Yankees' have stolen all they had to keep house with; so they have to build up a fire in the old fire-place, and pound their own rice to get the hulls off. Then they must cook in pots and pans that are without handles, for the 'blue-jackets' have carried off everything fit for use. I think some of them are about ready to come back into the old Union again.

"I do not think they will ever get their slaves back, for I have not seen a black man, woman or child that was not willing to be free? They came to us in droves all the way through, shouting, dancing, and waving their old hats, and saying, 'God bless you! we have been looking and waiting for you; and now, bless God, we are free! no more masters for us!'

"They are all ready and willing to aid us in any way that they can, by informing us where their masters had anything hid, showing us the roads, and telling us where to find corn and meat. They have also been a great help to us as guides through the swamps. I think the government should give them all the land along the coast of Georgia and Carolina, and help them to start in making a home for themselves.

"I suppose we will leave in a day or two, but do not know what route we will take. I think we will go to South Carolina. I am willing to go anywhere that Sherman will lead. I think he is one of our best men, and Kilpatrick can't be beat in cavalry command; he is wide awake and full of fight."

"WARREN CARY,
"Company M. 10th O. V. C."

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES IN WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON, Del., 2 mo. 27th, 1865.

DEAR FRIEND, OLIVER JOHNSON: We had with us on the evening of the 17th ult. Frederick Douglass, who gave a lecture in the Institute building, on "Equality before the Law," to an appreciative audience, about one-third of which was colored. This was the first time that the colored people ever occupied the floor of the building, and to the credit of our people, there were no public manifestations of dissatisfaction; all passed off pleasantly.

On the evening of the 23d, our friend, the Rev. Calvin Fairbank, who has served so many long years in the Kentucky Penitentiary, for aiding a female slave to escape from the hell of slavery, gave a history of his sufferings for the cause of humanity during the twelve years and more that he was in prison. In several of the churches, on the previous First-day, at the close of service, notice was read of his lecture to be given at the time named; and I went to two of the churches of the colored people and gave a short history of his sufferings while in prison for their race, and invited all who felt a desire to do so to attend the meeting, and occupy the body of the house. They responded nobly to the invitation, and the large Hall was half filled by our colored friends, who appeared to highly appreciate the privilege. The speaker was introduced by the Reverend Mr. Wiswell, a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, in a neat and appropriate speech. The speaker was not well, but, nevertheless, he gave a thrilling account of the sufferings he endured during his long incarceration. His noble wife occupied the platform with him, and so far as I know, she and the female who accompanied her were the first women I have known to occupy the platform in that Hall. Surely there is progress in the City of Wilmington, if the Legislature now sitting at Dover does stand still. Our friends Fairbank and wife left this morning for Baltimore and Washington, where they expect to remain till after the 4th of next month.

Thy friend, THOS. GARRETT.

LETTER FROM CALVIN FAIRBANK.

AT THOMAS GARRETT'S,
Wilmington, Del., Feb. 24th.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MY heart has been rejoiced for once upon an imminent disappointment. I am not disappointed in "SIMEON HALLIDAY," but in the public sentiment here. Narrow, bigoted, prejudiced, short-sighted as is the letter of the law and the present law-making power now in session at Dover, there is an upward tendency in this city and county. The change is surprising. One month ago, the colored people had never occupied the same part of the public lecture hall with the whites. But through the constant labors of the old veteran, Thos. Garrett, last week the galleries were closed and both colors occupied the body of the house. Last night I held a meeting in the city, which was full and enthusiastic, the Institute being well filled. The colored people occupied one side of the floor and the white people the other. Never before in the history of the place was there such a scene, the whole side of the Institute densely packed with earnest, anxious, upturned ebony, in violation of all custom of the past; and oh! what an outrage upon the old steadfast ways of the people! But time works wonders. Once the reformer could write out his guns, and load and fire them year after year at the same enemy. But now he attempts to charge his inky battery to the muzzle for the devoted foe, and before his ink is dry upon the last page, before his chapter is half completed, a telegram announces the flight of the enemy.

It is of but little use to put up solid lectures now against any abuse. Put them up so that they can be remodelled in five minutes.

Delaware is even coming to the confessional, and Thomas Garrett said this morning, "I have no more to do now. I can rest from my labors, and my works will follow me." Some of the pro-slavery people now suffer the throes of despair. They die hard. But they die. There is not a slave in this city, and there are but few in the county. The next Legislature will be favorable to the Prohibitory Amendment.

I am as ever, CALVIN FAIRBANK.

LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 9th, 1865.

FRIEND JOHNSON: I see that some of our anti-slavery friends are displeased with what they call your partisan manner of conducting the STANDARD. I wonder how any can view it as a *party* paper, and I want to express to you my hearty approval of it, and my unqualified admiration of the ability, earnestness, candor and consistency which have characterized your management of it. I have taken it for nearly 20 years, and have always found it the best paper with which I was acquainted (excepting the *Liberator*, which I have taken about half that time, and wish I had taken sooner), for the purpose of keeping well posted on both sides, or rather, on all sides of the slavery question; and for finding the political latitude and longitude of politicians, parties, editors, "priests and people," and for determining my own place among them. The STANDARD and *Liberator* long poured the truth on "unwilling ears," but, they were faithful, and finally gained public attention, and wielded great influence. The few early anti-slavery apostles went forth, in the name of God, and engaged in

"A *moral* warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time."

Long despised, and "persecuted for righteousness' sake," they have seen slavery rise in arms against the government—Northern pro-slavery, "prone to the dust"—the leaven of anti slavery truth pervading the North, aye, and the South, too;—Slavery and the Rebellion, its progeny, hastening to their downfall, and the government about to establish itself on the basis of justice. Soon may our Nation be exalted by righteousness! May the STANDARD wave until slavery is no more!

Thank God! I've lived to see the day
When Slavery—though not done away—
Is put in course of swift decay,
And Freedom soon our land will sway!
Truly yours, DAVID HENRY WHITE.

NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—This institution, chartered recently by the Legislature of New York, has been established under highly favorable auspices. Its first commencement was held at the Broadway Athenæum on Friday evening, the 2d inst. A crowded and highly intelligent auditory evinced the public appreciation of its character and objects. The platform was occupied by the Faculty and prominent friends of the College, the speakers for the occasion, and the graduating class, composed of fifteen ladies from different parts of the country. The Dean of the Faculty, Prof. J. M. Ward, stated that the members of the class had all passed an examination as thorough and extensive as that required of male graduates in other Colleges. He read a thesis, prepared by one of the class, on "Success in the Practice of Medicine." Mrs. Greenough, the President, then presented diplomas to the graduates, who, as they came forward, were loudly cheered. Prof. Carroll Dunham, one of the most eminent practitioners of the Homœopathic school, delivered a very sensible and appropriate valedictory address. Then followed brief addresses by Rev. W. H. Boole, Hon. Horace Greeley and Rev. H. W. Beecher, warmly commending the institution to public favor. At the close of the public exercises the graduates were warmly congratulated by their numerous friends. The founders of the college may well congratulate one another in view of its encouraging prospects.

THANKS.—To the Hon. Leonard Myers, M.C., of Philadelphia, we are indebted for a copy of the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1863. Our thanks are also due to many Senators and Representatives for copies of important speeches, which the crowded state of our columns will not permit us to publish or even to notice except in this general way.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1865.

In the confusion and fatigue of the closing hours of a Congress and the inauguration of a new President, I have time and strength but for a few lines this week. Next week I propose to survey in a leisurely manner the closing hours of the Thirty-eighth Congress, and some of the prominent events connected therewith. For the present they must wait.

The President's Inaugural Address delights all his friends. It is a glorious document. Every year Abraham Lincoln grows stronger and stronger in the Anti-Slavery faith. His Inaugural this time is what might fall from the lips of a Garrison. Its religious tone is striking. A few Copperheads attempt to deride it, but the heart of the people answers to it. I have been struck by the comments of two or three of the most respectable of the Southern sympathizers in Washington. One of them remarked: "The message does honor to Mr. Lincoln. Of course I do not agree with him in his anti-slavery notions, but, holding them, he shows himself truly great to own them in the way that he does. The tone of the address pleases me—it is generous. He takes a part of the guilt of slavery upon his own shoulders, instead of making the South wholly guilty." This is a specimen. Mr. Lincoln is more popular than ever, and I believe more fully represents the opinions and desires of the people than the Thirty-eighth Congress did. He has desired the passage of certain bills and resolutions which Congress managed to defeat, and it is perhaps as well as it is; but in the new Congress these questions must be settled, and not by "filibustering," but by a direct vote. More upon this subject next week, when the *Globe* will be published with the official report of the proceedings of the last days of the session. Winter Davis went out of public life rather ingloriously—aiding the Opposition to defeat an appropriation bill. Not to misstate the case in any respect, I must add that the Senate refused to agree to an amendment to the bill, carried in the House, providing that hereafter no civilian shall be tried by court-martial. Mr. Davis considered it a question concerning the liberties of the citizen, and sooner than give it up, he preferred to see the bill defeated. Some of the ardent friends of Mr. Davis are in trouble of mind over the matter, and begin to think that he is not a safe leader in times like these.

The Inauguration ceremonies passed off pleasantly. There was but one thing that grated harshly upon the proceedings—it was the address of the new Vice-President, which was disgraceful to him and the people who elected him to the position he occupies. It is charitable to him to say that he must have been drunk. If he was not, then he is totally unfit, even when sober, for any position connected with the Senate. Let me quote the *Chronicle's* report of the speech:

Mr. Johnson, before taking the oath of office, made a short speech, which, as in the case of Mr. Hamlin, was nearly inaudible, owing to the want of order which prevailed among the ladies in the galleries. By the choice of the people, he said, he had been made presiding officer of this body, and in presenting himself here, in obedience to the behests of the Constitution of the United States, it would perhaps not be out of place to remark just here what a striking thing the Constitution was. It was the Constitution of the people of the country, and under it here to-day, before the American Senate, he felt that he was a man and an American citizen. We had a proud illustration of the great fact that under the Constitution a man could rise from the ranks to occupy the second place in the gift of the American people and of the American government. Those of us who have labored our whole lives for the establishment of a free government know how to cherish its great blessings. He would say to Senators and others before him, to the Supreme Court, which sat before him, that they all got their power from the people of this country.

Turning toward Mr. Chase, Mr. Johnson said: And your exaltation and position depend upon the people. Then turning toward the Cabinet ministers he said: And I will say to you, Mr. Secretary Seward, and to you, Mr. Secretary Stanton, and to you, Mr. Secretary—

[To a gentleman near by, *sotto voce*—who is the Secretary of the Navy?]

The person addressed replied in a whisper—Mr. Welles.

Mr. Johnson—And to you, Mr. Secretary Welles, I would say you all derive your power from the people.

Mr. Johnson then remarked that the great element of vitality in this government was its nearness and proximity to the people. He wanted to say it to all who heard him, in the face of the American people, that all power was derived from the people. He would say in the hearing of the foreign ministers, for he was going to tell the truth here to-day, that he was a plebeian. He thanked God for it. It was the popular heart of this nation that was beating in Austin Cabinet officers and the President of the United States. It was a strange occasion that called forth a plebeian like him to tell such things as these.

Mr. Johnson next adverted to affairs in Tennessee, and the abolition of slavery there. He thanked God Tennessee was a State in the Union, and had never been out. The State government had been discontinued for a time, there had been an interregnum, a hiatus, but she had never been out of the Union. He stood here to-day as her representative. On this day she would elect a Governor, and Legislature, and she would very soon send Senators and Members to Congress.

The report gives a poor representation of the scene enacted, but a lively imagination can gain some idea of the impropriety of the speech. In point of fact he had no right to say one word, and he abused the courtesy of the Senate unmercifully.

Mr. Tilton of the *Independent* has been in Washington for a week, and has been received everywhere, even in the highest places, with great cordiality. His speech in the Hall of Representatives was one of the finest ever delivered there, and in the opinion of the best judges in Washington he ranks among the very first platform orators of the country. As the exponent of thorough, radical anti-slavery views, his warm reception here is a matter of considerable importance, and I mention it not as a personal matter, but as a fact indicating the wonderful change in public sentiment here.

AVON.

AN INCIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Editor of the National Anti Slavery Standard.

SEVERAL months since, a paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers, stating "that an affair of considerable interest came off at the White House, in the presence of a small party of visitors, being the formal presentation of a very choice collection of Wax Fruits to Abraham and Mary Lincoln, from Caroline Johnson, a highly respected colored woman of Philadelphia, as a testimonial of her appreciation of the President's services in behalf of her oppressed race. The presentation speech was made by James Hamilton, a Baptist clergyman of Philadelphia, who touchingly alluded to the past sufferings of his people, to the rapid progress of their deliverance under the present Administration, and their hopes of the future, and asked the President to accept the gift as a specimen of the handiwork of a lady of color, as an evidence of their confidence and esteem for the Chief who had brought them thus far out of the house of bondage. The work is valued at $350."

Thinking the readers of the STANDARD would be interested in knowing something of the individual alluded to in this statement, I am induced to give a little account of her.

Caroline Johnson was once a slave, but escaped from the cruel task-master many years since with her husband and one child. They lived for some time in Lancaster County, but for years past she has been a resident of Philadelphia, where, by industry and perseverance, she accumulated some property, and made her home a very comfortable one. She is now a widow, has raised a family of eight children, the youngest of whom was an inmate of my family nine years. Since the war commenced she has devoted her surplus earnings to the sick and wounded soldiers, and her gratitude to the President for his Proclamation of Emancipation was so great that she desired to send him a testimonial in the form of a handsome collection of Wax Fruits, placed on a stem-table, which she ornamented with small pebbles, shells and leather work, and over the Pyramid of fruit a glass cover; the whole arrangement reflecting great credit on her ingenuity and taste. I called to see her after it was completed, but the difficulty was how she would be received at Washington. Her idea was to take her minister on with her, *she* to remain at the hotel, while he went with the gift and made the presentation speech to the President; and to my remark, "No, Caroline, go thyself and see him," she replied, "Oh, if I could make a speech, I would." But, said I, if thou wilt only say to him what thou hast said to me this morning (she had been telling me of her trials through life, and had remarked that she always put her trust in God), it will meet the witness in his own heart; thou needst not fear, words will be given thee, and strength for the occasion. She concluded to do so, and asked for an introductory letter to the President, which was given her. Isaac Newton, who is at the head of the Agricultural Department, and the President's wife, were written to, and the answer was, that "she would be received."

After her return I again called, and to my inquiry whether she had any difficulty, she replied: "Not at all; Mr. Newton received us kindly and sent the box to the White House, with directions that it should not be opened until I came. The next day was reception day, but the President sent me word that he would receive me at one o'clock. I went and arranged the table, placing it in the centre of the room. Then I was introduced to the President and his wife. He stood next to me, then Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Newton and the minister; the others outside. Mr. Hamilton (the minister) made an appropriate speech, and at the conclusion said: 'Perhaps Mrs. Johnson would like to say a few words?' I looked down to the floor, and felt that I had not a word to say, but after a moment or two, the fire began to burn (laying her hand on her breast), and it burned and burned till it went all over me. I tell you, Mrs. C., it was the spirit, and I looked up to him, and said: 'Mr. President, I believe God has hewn you out of a rock, for this great and mighty purpose. So many have been led away by bribes of gold, of silver, of presents, but you have stood firm, because God was with you, and if you are faithful to the end, he will be with you.' With his eyes full of tears, he walked round and examined the present, pronounced it beautiful, thanked me kindly, but said 'You must not give me the praise—it belongs to God.'" C.

FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.—The bill passed by the late Congress and approved by the President, establishing a Freedmen's Bureau, connects it with the War Department, and limits its operations to one year after the expiration of the war. One Commissioner, with a salary of $3,000, is to have charge. Sub-Commissioners, with a salary of $2,500, may be appointed for each rebellious State. The Secretary of War may issue through this Bureau temporary supplies of provisions and clothing. It is proposed to assign the deserted and confiscated lands of the South, on a three years' basis, in parcels of forty acres, to male refugees and freedmen through this Bureau, with the privilege of buying the land at the expiration of that time.

Among the candidates named for Chief Commissioner are Gen. Butler and Mr. Thomas Webster, Jr., of Philadelphia. We venture to name Robert Dale Owen as a man possessing the highest qualifications for the place.

EQUAL RIGHTS IN WASHINGTON.—On the last day of the session, Mr. Schenck of Ohio, from the Committee on Military Affairs, to whom was referred the letter of the Secretary of War on the subject, reported a resolution that in the judgment of the House, the order of Maj.-Gen. Augur, issued on the 12th of January, 1864, directing that no colored man be allowed to leave Washington, going North, without a pass, is a regulation which makes an odious discrimination, for a law of the United States has declared free alike all citizens and residents of the District of Columbia, and the President be requested to direct that the order be at once abrogated. The resolution was agreed to by yeas 75, nays 24.

VALUABLE RELIC.—A soldier, writing lately from Charlestown, Va., to a gentleman in New York, says: "I have got the lock that held John Brown in jail. Our regiment riddled the jail, court house, etc., to build our Winter quarters. I have the jail door for a bunk bottom, and have taken the lock off. It weighs 15 or 20 lbs. Guess I had better send it to New York and have it sold." If he will send the lock to this office, with satisfactory proofs of its identity, we will undertake to find a purchaser for him.

FREEDMEN'S SAVINGS BANK.—The bill incorporating a Savings Bank for Freedmen was passed by Congress. The deposits in this bank will throw light upon the question whether the emancipated slaves are or are not capable of taking care of themselves.

CLEANSING THE STATUTE BOOK.—The Senate bill repealing the provisions of law which prohibited colored men from carrying the mails was passed by the House and is now a law.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS for March opens with two fresh chapters of "New Beliefs and Old Opinions—A Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions of Rev. H. W. Beecher"—by Rev. Edward C. Towne. The subjects treated in these chapters are "The True Man the True Bible"—"The Bible a Human Book." The other articles in the number are—Humanity and the Redemptive Agencies, by C. D. B. Mills; Twice Smitten (a poem), by Phœbe Cary; The Last Creed of Unitarianism; A Modern Bull against Comets; Herbert Spencer, by T. W. Higginson; Spirits out of Prison, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham; Clothes, by R. T. Hallock; Babie Annie (a poem), by George S. Burleigh; The Kindergarten, by Mrs. Louise Pollock; The Constitutional Amendment; Literary Notices. The *Friend of Progress* fills a place all its own among our periodicals, and is worthy of a generous support. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for March (Boston, Ticknor and Fields) will satisfy the high expectations excited by the two previous numbers. The contents are: The City Girl, by Gail Hamilton; Andy's Adventures, II., by J. T. Trowbridge; Winning his Way, III., by Carleton; The Red-Winged Goose, II., by Rose Terry; My Heavenly Bird, by R. H. Stoddard; Our Dogs, I., by Mrs. Stowe; Little Sarah's Skates, by Mary N. Prescott; How Margery Wondered, by Lucy Larcom; Lessons in Magic, I., by P. H. C.; Afloat in the Forest, II., by Mayne Reid; Round the Evening Lamp. Eight of these articles are appropriately illustrated on wood.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March contains The Story of a Year, by Henry James, Jr.; The Frozen Harbor (a poem), by J. T. Trowbridge; At Andersonville; Dr. Johns, continued, by D. G. Mitchell; Ancient Mining on the Shores of Lake Superior, by Albert D. Hagar; To a Poet on his Birthday; Needle and Garden, III.; Memories of Authors—Miss Landon—by Mrs. S. C. Hall; Our Oldest Friend (H. W. Longfellow), by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Edward Everett, by E. E. Hale; Notes of a Pianist, by L. M. Gottschalk; The Chimney Corner, III., by Mrs. Stowe; The Popular Lecture, by J. G. Holland; The Hour of Victory; The Causes of Foreign Enmity to the United States, by E. P. Whipple; Reviews and Literary Notices. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

BLACKWOOD for February (American edition, L. Scott & Co.) contains: 1. Miss Masjoribanks, Part. I; 2. A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States—conclusion; 3. Knight-errantry in the Nineteenth Century; 4. Modern Discovery; 5. Etoniana, Ancient and Modern, Part I.; 7. Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and Other Things in General—Part XIII.; 7. The Right Honorable William Gladstone, M.P., Part I.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY for January (L. Scott & Co's American edition, 38 Walker st.) contains nine articles, with the following titles: 1. The Life of William Blake; 2. Aristotle's History of Animals; 3. Forster's Biography of Sir John Eliot; 4. Homer's Iliad; 5. Memoirs of Sir Robert Wilson; 6. Syriac Manuscripts; 7. Servia; 8. Epigrams; 9. The United States as an Example.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January (American edition, L. Scott & Co.) contains: 1. Taine's History of English Literature—Contemporary Writers; 2. The Science of Language, Hamlet; 4. The Intellectual Development of Europe; 5. Peace in Poland; 6. Circumstantial Evidence; 7. "Whatever is, is Right"; 8. Railway Reform; Contemporary Literature.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The rebel journals being reticent, by official order, in regard to Sherman's movements, upon the success of which the campaign depends—and that officer being in the heart of the enemy's country, our government gets no direct intelligence from him. Clearly, however, the rebels have no news of any reverse to Sherman, or we should hear of it, with the usual exaggerations. Moreover, there is a tremendous panic in Richmond, which of itself, is a significant fact.

Gen. Grant holds his advanced position, and is massing men and guns south of Petersburg. Rebel deserters continue to swarm into our lines daily.

Gen. Gillmore reports that an inspection of the defences of Charleston shows that we have taken over four hundred and fifty pieces of ordinance, more than double the number first announced.

Georgetown, S. C., has been evacuated by the rebels, and is now in our possession.

General Canby's expedition against Mobile is ready to start. It will be supported by a heavy naval force. Beauregard was in Mobile last month, and made a loud speech to the people, declaring that the city must be held—his usual preliminary to running away.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

BLACK ARTILLERY COMPANY UNDER BLACK OFFICERS.

Gen. Curtis obtained authority last August to raise a negro company of light artillery, to be officered by men of their own color if any were found competent. The organization is now complete, and has been mustered in as the "Independent Battery, Light Artillery, United States Colored Troops." It is now stationed at Fort Leavenworth. The men are a fine stalwart set of fellows. The officers are intelligent gentlemanly men. The Captain, Henry Ford Douglass, is a well known and eloquent orator, who for some years has been recognized as one of the ablest men of his race. He is a Virginian, and said to be related to the Wise family. He is a light colored man, and served for over a year as a private soldier with an Illinois regiment. By order of Adj.-Gen. Thomas, he was mustered and employed in the negro recruiting service in Louisiana. He raised quite a number of men. The First Lieutenant, William B. Matthews, is a man of nearly full negro blood, a native of Maryland, and is a man of marked ability and originality of character. He was engaged in recruiting the First Kansas Colored, and was at the time ordered mustered by the War Department. For some reason, this was not done. To his energy in recruiting is due the success of the battery. Second Lieut. P. H. Minor is a Louisiana mulatto, a graduate of Oberlin, a man of fine presence, and, with the other officers, of some military knowledge, having been Sergeant-Major of the First Colored Kansas. So far this organization has excited no feeling, and the appearance of colored men with shoulder-straps, etc., is not attended with any indications of hostility, so far as I know—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

TEN REGIMENTS ENLISTED IN GEORGIA.

It is said that ten regiments have been recruited from among the contrabands who joined Sherman in his recent march through Georgia, and further large additions are expected to this force from his present campaign.—*Cor. Herald.*

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

At Chattanooga, Tenn., the other day, Gen. Steedman punished a merchant, who disregarded the challenge of a negro soldier, by confiscating his store and its contents, and placing a negro guard over it; remarking that "if Mr. C. will not respect the negro soldiers, he shall respect the authority that made the negro a soldier, and puts him on guard as such."—*Nashville Times.*

COLORED GUNNERS.

The experiment of making gunners for the navy of the contrabands taken into the service is proving a decided success. Acting Volunteer Lieut. Rogers, of the United States steamer Somerset, reports to Capt. Wise, of the Naval Ordnance Bureau, that he organized ten of these men into a division, and in four months, though they had never before handled a gun, they were as proficient as any other division on the ship. Six of these men were original contrabands.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

RECRUITING IN CHARLESTON—NEGROES FLOCKING TO THE RANKS.

From the Charleston Courier, March 1.

The recruiting officers in Charleston are head over heels in businesss. The colored men are flocking to the support of the United States flag by the dozen and the score. Companies are formed in a single day, and a full regiment comes out in a week. The men, as soon as enlisted, are placed in charge of capable officers, by whom they are drilled and disciplined for the field. The notion that some people entertain that colored men do not make valuable soldiers in the field, is an erroneous one. The thing has been tested and the fact established that the negro will fight. The opportunity is now presented to him to do what he can for his country. He is not forced into the army, and when he does choose to enlist he pockets bounty, money and allowances. It is better for the colored men in the city to place themselves in a position to do good, rather than be loafing about the streets idling away their time and depending on charity for subsistence.

ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE.

Col. Woodward, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment of U. S. colored troops, Army of the James, writes to the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal*: "There are many things particularly commendable in the manifest improvement the colored troops are making towards a refined taste. They begin to feel they are of some account—not mere serfs—and drink in all information imparted to them with anxiety. Military discipline will, in time, fit them for other and higher duties. Being apt learners, they let no opportunity pass of taking any advantage of acquiring knowledge. When not on duty their time is employed in the school-room, with their books, which, however, is even to them a secondary consideration, for at the sound of the bugle, every man is in the ranks, with his gun in good order, and seems to be eager to do anything their leaders may desire them to accomplish. So far as my experience goes, they can endure a campaign in warm and cold climates as well as other troops. They do not suffer more from the former than white troops, while the latter they can endure far better."

FOR WHOM WILL THE COLORED SOLDIERS FIGHT?

In answer to this question we give below a significant fact, copied from letters received by a gentleman of this city from a fugitive slave, who was employed by the former on his farm in New Jersey, the once slave now being a freeman and belonging to the 25th U. S. Colored Regiment, garrisoning Fort Pickens, Fla. This young colored man, though unable to tell one letter of the alphabet from another at the time of his escape from his master, at the battle of Gettysburg, was, nevertheless, quite intelligent, and appears now to be able to write his own letters. He was the body servant of Capt. Gilbert, of South Carolina, who lost a leg at the above-named battle. After conveying his master from the field to one of the hospitals in the vicinity, he fled to the land of liberty, and is now fighting on the side of our common country. Here are the extracts:

"FORT PICKENS FLA.,
Dec. 19, 1864, and Jan. 21, 1865.

"DEAR FRIEND: When our regiment arrived at Fort Pickens, after leaving Philadelphia, I cannot tell the joy I felt at seeing my brother there, who had escaped from slavery in South Carolina like myself. I knew him at once, but he did not know me, as we had not seen each other for seven years. We had both become men in that time, and both are now serving our country against the rebels, who held us wrongfully in slavery. Our mother was not born a slave, but our father was, and so they hold all of us as slaves. I have not as yet been in any regular battle, but have been on scouting parties a number of times. The last scout we were on we met the rebs, who had six companies of colored soldiers with them, all armed with guns. As soon as the colored soldiers among the rebs saw our colored troops they threw down their arms and ran over to us, crying out *'we are free, we are free!'* This comes of putting arms in the hands of slaves to secure their own bondage. It will always be so, for they all know who are their friends! What will the proposed 200,000 do when armed by their masters? We shall speedily know."—*Philadelphia Press.*

FERNELIUS calls disease an affection of the body, contrary to nature: a perturbation of its habit: a derangement of its courses. What disease is, sometimes eludes human intelligence, but some diseases are known—their origin, action and even their antidotes. Whoever has discovered an actual remedy for one disease, has done something for his race. Doct. Ayer has done more, for his medicines afford us the means to control and cure several dangerous disorders. We rarely speak on medical subjects, preferring to leave them to physicians, who understand them better. But such effects as are seen in our midst, on affections of the lungs by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on Scrofulous complaints by his Sarsaparilla, and on the several complaints that they cure by Ayer's Pills, should not be ignored.—*Keokuk (Iowa) Journal.*

Summary.

Mr. Hill has introduced in the Louisiana Legislature a memorial, signed by about 5,000 colored men, asking for the right of suffrage. The memorial was read, and referred to a select committee.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—A remarkable piece of chirography has just been finished by David Davidson, of 204 East Broadway. It is a copy of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1st, 1863, done with a pen, and neatly ornamented and shaded. The letters, in Roman capitals, are of the white color of the Bristol board, and all the rest of the page is more or less shaded. The work is one of unusual ingenuity and skill.

A company of "contrabands" landed recently at McGregor, Iowa, but had hardly done so before a crowd of Irish laborers gathered around them and began abusing them, and were almost using violence, when the Catholic priest of the place stepped into the ring, and seizing the foremost rioter by the collar, hurled him away, saying: "Begone, sir! If you would do anything, bring these poor creatures a pail of victuals!"—*Dubuque Times.*

LOYAL DEMONSTRATION OF COLORED CITIZENS.—When the polls were opened yesterday, and the vote for Ratification began, the colored citizens determined to show that they felt as deep an interest in the work of Union and restoration, opened a poll for themselves at the Sherman Restaurant on Cedar street, kept by Wade Hickman, the well-known and polite attendant at the Capitol. The result was that at five o'clock in the evening the colored people had cast 4 576 votes for Ratification. We do not know that they could have better celebrated the day.—*Nashville Times, 23d ult.*

ROBERT SMALL AGAIN.—By information from Savannah, we hear again of this hero of the "Planter." He was lately at Savannah, and fell in with an old shipmate, a white man, who formerly was employed at Charleston by the same merchants as himself. Glad to see him, and recognizing his ability, Small offered him one hundred dollars per month to sail with him as mate. "I can do it, easily," said Small, "for since the war began, I have made *thirty thousand dollars*, every cent of which is invested in government securities!" Most creditable to Small, who shows himself in every act, worthy to be recognized as a "citizen."—*Commonwealth.*

NEGRO EQUALITY.—The Cambridge (Md.) *Intelligencer* says: "As soon as the negro, availing himself of the opportunity for improvement which freedom affords, shows himself capable of being something more than a slave and a beast, the narrow-minded Democrats raised a howl about 'negro equality.' Better try to keep yourself superior to the negro by cultivating your own minds, instead of doing so by preventing him from cultivating his. Precious few Democrats in these parts will ever be able to gain admittance to the Supreme Court in the present condition of their learning. Come, gentlemen, spruce up, or the 'niggers' will beat you."

THE INAUGURATION BALL came off at the Patent Office in Washington on Monday evening, and was attended by a great crowd of people. At half-past ten the Presidential party was announced, and as they entered the bands struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the company formed in lines, leading to the Presidential platform. The President and Speaker Colfax led the party. Mrs. Lincoln was escorted by Senator Sumner. Secretary

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

AMPUTATED.

Good by, right arm! 'tis hard to part
With one so true and tried,
And that so long hath served my heart,
And waited at my side.
Thy work is done, thy pain is o'er;
When tear-drops dim my eye,
Thy hand will dash them forth no more—
Good by, right arm! good by.

Good by, right arm! on many a field
Thy strength has served me well,
And thou hast been my bosom's shield
Where blows like rain-drops fell;
But never more in honor's strife
Thou wilt be lifted high,
Thy last blow saved this heart its life—
Good by, right arm! good by.

Good by, right arm! no more thou'lt start
Eager to greet my friend,
Yet this poor one that's near my heart
No colder clasp will lend.
And, should my country ever need
A guard so maimed as I,
It would be just as proud to bleed—
Good by, right arm! good by.

Good by, right arm! I should not grieve,
For thou hast done thy part,
And yet I scarce can bear to leave
Thee, senseless as thou art.
My poor scarr'd hand, I hold thee near
To lips that trembling sigh,
And rem thee once more with a tear—
Good by, right arm! good by.

S. E. CARNICHAEL.

WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE TO EVERETT.

From the Boston Transcript.

At the late special meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society commemorative of Edward Everett, Rev. R. C. Waterston read the following interesting communication from Mr. Whittier, who, only a few weeks previous, had been associated as colleague with Mr. Everett in the Electoral College of this State. Mr. Waterston introduced the letter with the language of Dr. Channing, who said of Mr. Whittier more than a quarter of a century ago, "His poetry bursts from the soul with the fire and energy of an ancient prophet, and his noble simplicity of character is the delight of all who know him."

AMESBURY, 27th 1st month, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I acknowledge, through thee, the invitation of the Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society to be present at a special meeting of the Society for the purpose of paying a tribute to the memory of our late illustrious associate, Edward Everett.

It is a matter of deep regret to me that the state of my health will not permit me to be with you on an occasion of so much interest.

It is most fitting that the members of the Historical Society of Massachusetts should add their tribute to those which have been already offered by all sects, parties and associations, to the name and fame of their late associate. He was himself a maker of history, and part and parcel of all the noble charities and humanizing influences of his State and time.

When the grave closed over him who added new lustre to the old and honored name of Quincy all eyes instinctively turned to Edward Everett as the last of that venerated class of patriotic civilians who, outliving all dissent and jealousy and party prejudice, held their reputation by the secure tenure of the universal appreciation of its worth as a common treasure of the republic. It is not for me to pronounce his eulogy. Others, better qualified by their intimate acquaintance with him, have done and will do justice to his learning, eloquence, varied culture and social virtues. My secluded country life has afforded me few opportunities of personal intercourse with him, while my pronounced radicalism, on the great question which has divided popular feeling, rendered our political paths widely divergent. Both of us early saw the danger which threatened the country. In the language of the prophet, we "saw the sword coming upon the land," but while he believed in the possibility of averting it by concession and compromise, I, on the contrary, as firmly believed that such a course could only strengthen and confirm what I regarded as a gigantic conspiracy against the rights and liberties, the union and the life, of the nation.

Recent events have certainly not tended to change this belief on my part, but, in looking over the past, while I see little or nothing to retract in the matter of opinion, I am saddened by the reflection that, through the very intensity of my convictions, I may have done injustice to the motives of those with whom I differed. As respects Edward Everett, it seems to me that only within the last four years I have truly known him.

In that brief period, crowded as it is with a whole life-work of consecration to the union, freedom and glory of his country, he not only commanded respect and reverence, but concentrated upon himself in a most remarkable degree the love of all loyal and generous hearts. We have seen, in these years of trial, very great sacrifices offered upon the altar of patriotism, wealth, ease, home-love, life itself. But Edward Everett did more than this; he laid on that altar not only his time, talents and culture, but his pride of opinion, his long-cherished views of policy, his personal and political predilections and prejudices, his constitutional fastidiousness of conservatism, and the carefully elaborated symmetry of his public reputation. With a rare and noble magnanimity, he met, without hesitation, the demand of the great occasion. Breaking away from all the besetments of custom and association, he forgot the things that are behind, and, with an eye single to present duty, pressed forward toward the mark of the high calling of Divine Providence in the events of our time. All honor to him! If we mourn that he is now beyond the reach of our poor human praise, let us reverently trust that he has received that higher plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

When I last met him, as my colleague in the Electoral College of Massachusetts, his look of health and vigor seemed to promise us many years of his wisdom and usefulness. On greeting him I felt impelled to express my admiration and grateful appreciation of his patriotic labors, and I shall never forget how readily and gracefully he turned attention from himself to the great cause in which we had a common interest, and expressed his thankfulness that he had still a country to serve.

To keep green the memory of such a man is at once a privilege and a duty. That stainless life of seventy years is a priceless legacy. His hands were pure. The shadow of suspicion never fell on him. If he erred in his opinions (and that he did so he had the Christian grace and courage to own) no selfish interest weighed in the scale of his judgment against truth.

As our thoughts follow him to his last resting-place, we are sadly reminded of his own touching lines, written many years ago at Florence. The name he has left behind is none the less "pure" that instead of being "humble" as he then anticipated, it is on the lips of grateful millions, and written ineffacably on the record of his country's trial and triumph:

"Yet not for me, when I shall fall asleep,
Shall Santa Croce's lamps their vigils keep.
Beyond the main, in Auburn's quiet shade,
With those I loved and love my couch be made;
Spring's pendent branches o'er the hillock wave,
And morning's dewdrops glisten on my grave;
While Heaven's great arch shall rise above my bed,
When Santa Croce crumbles on her dead;
Unknown to erring or to suffering fame,
So I may leave a pure though humble name."

Congratulating the Society on the prospect of the speedy consummation of the great objects of our associate's labors—the peace and permanent union of our country, I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Robert C. Waterston, Boston.

TELLING STORIES.—When Mr. Lincoln came back from his interview with the rebel Peace Commissioners, a worthy correspondent from Washington asserted in one of his letters that the President told Aleck Stephens one of his little droll stories. It was generally supposed that this was a pleasant fiction, but I chance to know that it was the actual truth. Says Stephens: "Suppose your Constitutional Amendment be adopted by three-fourths of the State Legislatures?"

"Then slavery will be abolished in every part of the country," replies Mr. Lincoln.

"And what are we to do," asked Stephens, "if we are to consent to reconstruction. I know that negroes will not work unless forced to it, and I tell you that we shall all starve together. This is a mere suppositious case, but if it were a reality, what are we to do."

Lincoln grew merry-eyed at once. "It reminds me of a story," said he, and then he told the old story ending with the sentence "Root, hog, or die." The moral was this: The Southern people can go to work like honest people or starve.

After a little while Aleck Stephens told a story. "Many years ago," said he, "a host of Congressmen were discussing the proper pronunciation of the name of your State—Illinois. It was in the old Hall of Representatives, in the lobby where we have both spent many pleasant hours, and several of the Illinois delegation were present. Some members asserted that the proper pronunciation was 'Illinoy,' others called it 'Illinoise.' John Quincy Adams was called in to decide the disputed point. 'If one were to judge from the character of the representatives in this Congress from that State,' said the old man with a malicious smile, 'I should decide that the proper way to pronounce the word would be "All-noise."' The President "acknowledged the corn," and there was a hearty laugh, even from the sedate Mr. Hunter.—*Wash. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

THE NEWBURYPORT CELEBRATION.

From the Newburyport Herald.

THE Emancipation Jubilee and reception of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, at the City Hall, on Wednesday evening, was one of the most successful meetings ever held in this city. The Hall was full to overflowing; there did not appear to be a place where another person, large or small, could have been put. The address was what we expected from Mr. Garrison, evidencing taste, skill, ability and genius. The subject is one to which he has given his life, and into which his soul's strongest love enters; and the occasion—a return to his home after so many years of what might be termed absence, and after *such* an absence of a whole generation, upon the invitation of his townsmen tendering him this great reception—could not fail to bring out the best qualities of the heart and the intellect. He seemed, as any man in like circumstances would have felt, perfectly happy.

The length of Mr. Garrison's oration precludes the possibility of our publishing it, and any report would fail to give the impression it conveyed. He gave a sketch of his life up to the time when he commenced as a Liberator. Then he came to Newburyport to deliver a course of lectures which were twice announced but not delivered on account of the opposition developed. After that he went to Boston, established his paper, pursued that course of life which is known to us all, but returned no more to his native town to speak upon slavery till now, when he was invited back, after the full adoption of his policy by the country. This meeting was, therefore, a personal triumph to him.

There has been a great change of opinion in Newburyport, as there has been in the whole country; but the change here has come from the intense loyalty of the people. Before the rebellion, the fulfilment of every obligation, written or implied, was the fervent desire of the majority. They would give the Southerners every right that the Constitution guaranteed them in the matter of slavery; not because they loved slavery, for we have never seen a dozen persons who seriously approved it, but because they would abide by all the obligations upon us. They hated slavery, but loved their country; and they would maintain the Union if it required them, as Webster said, to conquer their prejudices in doing it. After this rebellion commenced, the interest of the government demanded the overthrow of slavery, since slavery set itself up against the Union; and hence loyalty to the government—for which the town has ever been noted—required opposition to the slave system, and that opposition pervades the community—strong, intense. It is not that our people care for this man or that man—from the President down to the lowest slave; but they do care for their country—their whole country, desiring it to be united, free and prosperous. Therefore it is that the parties, each moved by circumstances they could not control, have been brought to the same action for the government and for the existing Administration.

But however all this may be, the final adoption of Mr. Garrison's policy: viz. universal, immediate and uncompensated emancipation, which has now been carried, will forever associate him with the great reformation, as its head and chief actor. Forever Garrison will be known as the "Liberator."

From the Liberator.

Wednesday of last week, 22d ult.—Washington's Birthday—was certainly one of the most gratifying days of our earthly pilgrimage. In accordance with a cordial invitation, signed by a considerable number of the most prominent citizens, we joined with heart and voice in a public commemoration of the adoption of the Anti-Slavery Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, at the City Hall in Newburyport, our cherished birth-place. Not since the Autumn of 1830 have we attempted to lecture in that city on the subject of slavery, for reasons which it is not necessary here to specify; nor have we been willing to break the silence till now, though repeatedly urged to do so by the kindest invitations from that quarter. On Wednesday evening, the spacious City Hall was densely packed by as intelligent and respectable an assembly as the most exacting could desire to look upon—animated by one spirit, the spirit of universal freedom, and evidently desirous of showing their appreciation not only of the Constitutional Amendment, but of our long-protracted labors in the cause of the oppressed, whose year of jubilee has come so unexpectedly, yet most opportunely for them and for the nation at large. There were many present whom we had not seen since we were reckoned among the young men of the country; and the changes wrought by time in personal appearance were, of course, a matter of mutual curiosity. The congratulations of the citizens generally, on the final overthrow of that hideous system out of which has sprung this bloody rebellion, were hearty and fervent—all feeling that a great deliverance had been wrought out by the hand of God.

We never had more attentive and appreciative listeners in the delivery of an address than on that interesting occasion—the silence being broken only by their spontaneous outbursts of approval. How could this altered state of feeling be otherwise than deeply gratifying to us, not on personal grounds so much as with reference to the triumph of justice and freedom?

The only drawback upon the perfect enjoyment of the occasion was the absence of our early coadjutor and the world-admired poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. His presence had been confidently expected, and great was the general disappointment not to be able to give him an enthusiastic personal welcome.

A PLACE.

Still keep my place for me, dear friends,
While absent days wane wearily;
Though lovelier eyes their love-light lend,
Still keep my place for me!

I keep your places, every one;
When gala days with beauty bless,
When lonely days move slowly on,
I love you more, not less.

The precious presence needed much,
Low love-tones set to silvery speech,
Love's glance of eye, love's thrill of touch,
Have passed to memories each.

And now I mind how oft 'tis said
That souls who love, apart, grow cold;
And yet I find no newer love
That's dearer than the old.

Though still I bear through every hour
The cross it giveth to my trust,
And love and nurse joy's tiniest flower,
That blossoms in its dust;

Somewhat of beauty from the day,
Something of perfume from the flower,
I seem to miss, and sadly say,
I mourn my love's lost dower.

I miss the eyes I cannot see,
I miss the tones that used to bless,
For only rich my life can be
In love and tenderness.

I rob no other heart. I flee
All love save mine by claim divine,
The lavish love poured out for me,
Only because 'tis mine!

My life-threads deep, heart-tinctured, see;
I seek to weave with patient hand
To one fair woof of harmony
The many-shaded strand.

But aching in the silent dearth,
Dear hearts, I say, the task is long;
Ah, do you miss me in your mirth,
And miss me in your song?

And need me as in lonelier days?
Whose winsome eyes, whose fairer face,
Whose hands fulfil my ministries?
Who fills my vacant place?

The sunset's limpid amber blends
With flowing azure of the sea;
Far gazing out, I say, "Sweet friends,
Still keep my place for me!"

And gazing upward to the sky,
Where all God's golden glories be,
The many-mansioned house on high,
I strain my eyes to see.

"I go to make a place for thee,"
Dear promise of the tender Word!
Their place Thine exiled children see
With Thee, beloved Lord.

So while my weak heart fears and faints,
And tired feet droop wearily,
Still with the lowliest of Thy saints,
Lord, keep a place for me!

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

—*Springfield Republican.*

"NIGGERS IS FREE, AINT IT?" said a newsboy, rushing into the *Press* office excitedly, this noon, as the cannon began to thunder and all the bells to ring—"niggers is free—goin' to be any extras?" He was disappointed when we told him "no," and for half an hour a company of newsboys just outside were agitated over the intelligence that "niggers is free." "Will they come up here and kill us?" asked "Gabby," a native of the Democratic Sixth Ward. We reminded him that he had always lived close by Charles street, and never had been killed, seriously. He meditated in silence a few minutes, then remarked philosophically, "Wall, I guess the niggers is glad, anyhow?"—*Hartford Press.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MAXIMS.

I.

Despise not anything, my child!
Behold these garments, worn, defiled;
Subjected to some subtle art,
Cleansed and renewed in every part,
At length the fair result is seen
In smooth, soft paper, white and clean.
So, from the soiled intents of man,
God works His whitest, cleanest plan.

II.

Fulfil thy mission; nothing shirk—
The hardest or the meanest work;
And call not common or unclean
What God hath cleansed. No work is mean
He bids thee share or undertake;
Who worketh for the Lord doth make
All labor sacred for His sake.

III.

Be thou content! Let others fret
And fume their way to greatness—yet,
One truth remains inviolate:
Real merit can afford to wait;
All mock pretensions, be assured,
Shall come to nought like Jonah's gourd;
But merit—like some sturdy shoot
Of oak or elm, that strikes its root
Deep in the stubborn earth and grows
Through storm and sun—true merit knows,
(A secret hidden from its foes,)
Its life is in itself. No scorn,
Of envy bred or malice born,
No sneering censure, hate-begot,
Shall sap its noble strength one jot.
And though unflattered by the great,
In God's good time, or soon or late,
Or here or there—what boots it when
Or where?—it shall be owned of men,
And crowned, "Not wanting!" there and then.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

J. M. LANGSTON AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

THE third lecture in aid of sick and wounded colored soldiers, under the auspices of the Union Bazaar Association, was delivered on Wednesday at Cooper Institute by John Mercer Langston. Rev. Sella Martin presided, and introduced the lecturer as one who, though holding office in the State of Ohio, and possessing a large practice as a lawyer, refused to be satisfied or silent till every man identified with him in complexion was as fully enfranchised as himself.

Mr. Langston, who is young, and who was once a slave, then came forward and delivered an able lecture on the war as the national emancipator. Before the war, he said, we possessed a national Constitution which, like a nut, had two constituents—the shell of obligation and the kernel of privilege—the North lived outside, guarding the shell, the South on the inside eating the kernel; but Providence sent the first gun at Fort Sumter and the Constitutional Amendment to crack this nut; and now white and black men begin to enjoy the privileges as well as to subject themselves to the obligations of the Constitution.

As a proof of progress Mr. Langston mentioned having spoken within the last two months in three large Southern cities, Louisville, St. Louis and Nashville, not only without molestation, but with Andy Johnson as a listener and an applauder of his sentiments of freedom. He claimed complete equality for the negro on the ground of his manhood, his nativity, and according to the political axiom that taxation, protection and representation go together, as well as on the ground of his loyalty to the government and his sacrifices on the field of battle.

Mr. Langston spoke an hour and a half, and frequently received marks of approval on the part of an audience, which showed that though they had not heard him in this city before, they will be glad to welcome him when he comes again.—*Eve. Post.*

HOW McCLELLAN GOT HIS APPOINTMENT.

[Rev. D. A. Wasson, who has lately removed his residence to Cincinnati, writes to the Boston *Commonwealth* the following bit of history, which has come to his knowledge in this new locality:]

PERHAPS you remember a certain defunct, one Geo. B. McClellan, ex-engineer, ex-Major-General Micawber Commanding, ex-would-be President. I met the other day an intelligent gentleman who told me the story of his appointment. The gentleman's authority for his statements was given, and I see not that it can be called in question.

Mac was agent for the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. He managed matters so miserably as greatly to embarrass the then principal roads connecting with that of which he had charge. To get rid of him became, therefore, an important desideratum with those most concerned in these roads.

When the war broke out there was a meeting between three of the persons interested. Two of them said, "Now is our time. McClellan is a military man; let us get him an appointment to the command of our State troops. He will do good service there, and we shall be rid of an ugly incumbrance."

The third demurred. "I don't know about that," he said. "McClellan has given no evidence of ability as a man of business; and I see no reason to think that he would do better as a general. It would hardly be patriotic to take a load from our own shoulders and place it on those of the nation."

"But he has been trained in the art of war," urged the others; "if he is not good for that, what is he good for?"

The objector refused to be convinced, but the others made haste to carry their project into effect. A petition was accordingly sent to Gov. Dennison, praying him to bestow command on this blocker of business who rose from bed, it is said, at eleven in the morning. Gov. Dennison hesitated. While he was considering the matter, a telegram, signed by Gov. Curtin, came from Philadelphia, containing a request to McClellan to take command of the Pennsylvania troops. This indication that he was desired abroad decided the governor to employ him at home. He was appointed accordingly.

The Philadelphia telegram, which secured him his place, was afterwards discovered to be bogus—concocted in Cincinnati for the purpose which it served!

With the Ohio troops he went into West Virginia; Gen. Rosecrans won a victory for him, in the face of his own misconduct; he blew his own trumpet lustily; what followed we all know only too well.

I cannot *swear* that this account is correct. But if it be not so, I shall never again know when to trust information.

THE BOOT-BLACK BOYS IN NEW YORK.—They are ragged and dirty, it is true; some are saucy and profane; but the rags and dirt cannot well be helped, and we trust to time and hard knocks to cure them of their impudence and vulgarity. Some of these boys have earned quite handsome sums of money for themselves and their parents by their industry. One dollar is quite a small sum, and four not an unfrequent one for these lads to accumulate in the course of a day. The average is certainly not less than two dollars and a half for a boy with "a good run of custom." These chaps have their regular customers, for whom they lie in wait, and guard against the encroachments of other boys with a jealous care. Boys who behave themselves and don't swear profit by their forbearance, and retain quite a large class of gentlemen who are not indisposed to reward them liberally, and if worthy to enable them to get on well in the world. As an instance of the system of business which some of these little fellows have adopted, we may mention a circumstance which recently came under our own observation. A boy who had been in the "profession" about a year, determined to take apprentices, whom he taught the business, charged a commission, fitted them out with box, blacking and brushes, and stationed them at certain points with directions to intercept and serve his customers. This "boss" boot black superintended his divisions with industry, introduced his apprentices to his customers, and thus secured a monopoly of trade in one thoroughfare in Brooklyn, at least. He reaped quite a handsome reward for his ingenuity, eventually took in a partner, and now thinks of retiring from business and going into a store in New York. He will no doubt become a rich man eventually.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

FURTHER PROGRESS.—Surgeon Augusta of the 7th Regt. U. S. Colored Troops (remembered as being the first colored commissioned officer in the national service, and for the brutal assault made upon him in Baltimore) writes to the *Anglo-African* that he has succeeded in getting the unjust rules and practices that have existed on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, with regard to the travel of colored passengers, between Baltimore and Washington, removed. Mrs. Augusta and a lady friend, being lately obliged to travel on that road in a smoking-car, with low-minded white persons as companions, who indulged in insulting language, he brought the matter to the attention of the President of the road, who at once gave orders that colored persons be allowed to take seats where they could find them, exactly like other passengers. It is said there is now no difficulty, either at Baltimore or Washington, upon this point.—*Commonwealth.*

MR. EVERETT AND THE COLOR QUESTION.—Rev. E. E. Hale, in an article in the March *Atlantic*, details the following incident, illustrating a phase in Mr. Everett's character now very pleasant to contemplate. He says:

"Mr. Everett was eager to educate the people, and all the people. He did not believe it possible to educate any of them too well. And if you had asked him, the day he died, what had been the central idea of his life, he would have said it was the education of the people. His life was full of it. His speeches were full of it. Nothing so provoked him as any snobbism which wanted to hinder it. When he was President of the College—I think in 1848—there was a black boy in the High School at Cambridge, fitting for college. Some gentlemen in Alabama, who had sons there, or on their way there, wrote to Mr. Everett to remonstrate against the boy's entering. He replied, that the College was endowed to educate all comers; that, if the black boy could pass his examination, as he hoped he could, he would be admitted; and that, if, as they seemed to suppose, all the white students withdrew, the college would then be conducted on its endowments for the black boy alone. And that was no exceptional reply. It was his way of looking at such things."

A SINGULAR CHURCH SERVICE.—Near the close of a sermon in an African church at Mitchelville, S. C., and just before the singing of the last hymn, Gen. Littlefield, the military commandant of Hilton Head Island, appeared on the platform in front of the pulpit, and gave the congregation a lecture on their want of attention to the sanitary condition of their village. He told them that the majority of the families were altogether indifferent as to personal cleanliness, and that some of the houses were not fit for cattle to live in. He declared it to be his intention, hereafter, to have those washed who would not wash themselves, and to compel families to clean their houses at least twice a week. He wound up his discourse by plainly informing his congregation that they had got to use more soap and water, and that he should appoint a commission to inspect them. After this declaration the hymn was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation dispersed. From this incident it may be inferred that the spiritual purity of the negroes in that vicinity has received more attention than their bodily cleanliness.

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has all the flavor of OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA, and is but half the price; and also that

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I advise my patients to drink it universally, even those to whom I have hitherto prohibited the use of Coffee."

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"I have used it nearly a year in my family, and find it produces no ache of the head or nervous irritation, as in the case of all other Coffees. It is exceedingly pleasant, and I cordially recommend it to all clergymen and their families."

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IT IS THE ONLY RELIABLE

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No Wood work to swell or split. No Thumb-screws to get out of order. Warranted with or without Cog-wheels.

It took the First Premium at Fifty-seven State and County Fairs in 1863, and nearly double that number in 1864, and is, without an exception, the best Wringer ever made. Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town, and in all parts of the world. Energetic agents can make from $5 to $10 per day.

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That iron well galvanized *will not rust.*

That a *simple* machine is better than a complicated one.

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That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will not *tear the clothes.*

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That the Putnam Wringer has *all* the advantages, and not *one* of the disadvantages above named.

That all who have tried it pronounce it the *best* Wringer ever made.

That it will ring a thread or a bed-quilt *without alteration.*

We might fill the paper with testimonials, but insert only a few to convince the skeptical, if such there be; and we say to all, *test* Putnam's Wringer. Test it *thoroughly* with *any* and *all* others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it.

PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.—Gentlemen; I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxydize or rust one particle. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.

Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER, Cleveland, O.

Many years experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above statement in *all particulars.*

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NEW YORK, January, 1864.—We have tested Putnam's Clothes Wringer by practical working, and know that it will do. It is cheap; it is simple; it requires no room, whether at work or at rest; a child can operate it; it does its duty thoroughly; it saves time, and it saves wear and tear. We earnestly advise all who have much washing to do, with all intelligent persons who have *any,* to buy his Wringer. It will pay for itself in a year at most.

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Ample Wringers sent, express paid, on receipt of price.

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The attention of the public and the trade is invited to our New Scale Seven Octave Rosewood Piano-Fortes, which for volume and purity of tone are unrivalled by any hitherto offered in this market. They contain all the modern improvements, French, grand action, harp pedal, iron frame, over strung bass, etc., and each instrument being made under the personal supervision of Mr. J. H. Grovesteen, who has had a practical experience of over thirty years in their manufacture, is fully warranted in every particular.

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Anti-Freezing, Double-Acting, Forcing and Lifting.

These Pumps have now been in general use a number of years, and give better satisfaction than any other, and are recommended as THE BEST by Captain Ericsson, and other eminent engineers. We can refer to thousands using them, and guarantee that all will recommend them. They are more simple in construction, and work easier, and cost less than all others.

"Our readers will find the double-acting, improved Pump of J. D. West & Co., one of the best in the market. It is very simple, works to a charm, so that any child may use it; throws a steady, continuous stream, and does not freeze in the coldest exposures, and is unusually cheap. We say this knowingly, and give the testimony of our own accord, without the knowledge or request of the proprietors."—*N. Y. Evening Post, July* 1, 1863

"J. D. WEST & Co. We are pleased to state that the Pumps we had of you, about a year ago, have been in constant use, 12 hours each day, and raise for the use of our woolen factory about 120 gallons per minute. They work with but little power, compared with pumps we have used before, and do not get out of repair, and are satisfactory in all respects. DUNLAP MANUFACTURING CO."

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"No farmer who owns a well or a cistern can possibly afford to be without an iron pump. It should be at once a suction and force pump—a perfect little fire engine—such a one known as 'West's Improved Pump.' I speak of this Pump, because I happen to know it . . . . to be very simple, durable, powerful, and cheap, and it don't freeze up, nor get out of order once a year . . . . I know this, and think I may be doing the farmers good by speaking of it . . . . A boy 10 years old can work it, and throw a continuous inch-and-a-quarter stream . . . It can be made to work in deep wells as well as in shallow ones."

"GREAT NECK, L. I., 1860.

"I have used this Pump for one Summer and Winter, exposed to the northwest wind coming over Long Island Sound, being the coldest possible exposure, and at no time did it freeze, nor were we unable at any time to pump water with great ease.

"H. B. MOLTAIN."

"The undersigned, having to use 'West's Improved Pumps,' cheerfully recommend them as simple, durable, and powerful in raising and throwing water, and for their ease of action, security against frost, and low price, we believe them superior to all others.

"WARREN LELAND, Met. Hotel, N. Y.
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From the New York Observer.

"We have had in use for months past one of West's Pumps, which has given us more satisfaction, as a force and lifting pump, than any we have ever used. It is one of great power, and well adapted for ship's decks, mines, factories, greenhouses, graperies, etc. The *Mining Chronicle and Railway Journal* says, 'It is recommended for its extreme simplicity of construction, great strength, and consequent durability and cheapness of repair. There is no stuffing-box—the pressure being held by a cup packing, like that upon the working-piston, working in a cylinder, fitted for the purpose within the upper air chamber—which we think a great improvement, as stuffing is so liable to be deranged and leak under strong pressure, to say nothing of the loss by friction incident thereto. It has also two air-chambers; thus the action of the valve is cushioned upon both sides by air—preventing water-hammer and vacuum-thump. The valves are very accessible, and simply and cheaply repaired. They work much easier than any pump we have ever seen; the 4-inch cylinder being worked by children in wells 100 feet deep, and as they are extremely cheap, as well as simple and strong, we freely recommend them.'"

"CAMBRIDGE MINE, N. C., June 15, 1863.

"J. D. WEST & Co.—Gents. The pump which I ordered for our mine is received, and put to work in our underlay shaft, which we are sinking. We find that one man will, with ease, lift 50 gallons per minute. We lifted in three and a half hours all the water in the shaft, which measures seven by twelve feet and thirty feet deep, and it was full when we commenced. It answers our expectations in every respect, and our workmen are highly pleased with it. It will do great service with but trifling expense for repairs.

"Yours, respectfully, BURR HIGGINS."

"This may certify that I have been using, at my manufactory, for the last four years, 'West's Improved Pumps.' I now have in use three of said pumps, one of which is kept constantly at work, 24 hours of each day (save Sundays), and has been running for the past two years. I pronounce them, unhesitatingly, the best pumps that have been brought to my notice, having used many others previously. They are simple in their construction, and not easily disarranged. JAS. A. WEBB.

"N. Y., October 10, 1859."

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